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Section

The Child's Song Book for the use of Schools and Families; bring a selection of Favorite Airs with Hymns and Moral Songs suitable for Infant Instruction. 8vo, boards. Boston, 1830.
Printed by Richardson, Lord & Holbrook. Set to Music. Had marked on in pencil 1st. Ed. $1.00

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http://www.archive.org/details/childssongbookfo00bost

Published by G. Robertson

Thy [illegible] view to [illegible]
[illegible] their shadows at night
The [illegible] harvest is pouring
The [illegible] thro' [illegible] white
Wonder Steeping over the [illegible]
Breathe a terrific delight.

MAR 19 1935

THE

CHILD'S SONG BOOK,

FOR THE USE OF

SCHOOLS AND FAMILIES;

BEING A SELECTION OF

FAVOURITE AIRS,

WITH

HYMNS AND MORAL SONGS,

SUITABLE FOR

INFANT INSTRUCTION.

"We will our little voices raise,
"To sing our Father's love;
"And bow in pure and fervent praise,
"To him who rules above."

Boston:

PUBLISHED BY RICHARDSON, LORD & HOLBROOK.
No. 133, Washington Street.

1830.

DISTRICT OF MASSACHUSETTS, *to wit:*

District Clerk's Office.

BE IT REMEMBERED, That on the twelfth day of May, A. D. 1830, and in the fifty-fourth year of the Independence of the United States of America, *Melvin Lord* and *John C. Holbrook*, of the said district, have deposited in this office, the title of a book, the right whereof they claim as proprietors, in the words following, *to wit:*

"The Child's Song Book, for the use of Schools and Families; Being a selection of Favourite Airs, with Hymns and Moral Songs, suitable for Infant Instruction.

"We will our little voices raise,
"To sing our Father's love;
"And bow in pure and fervent praise,
"To him who rules above."

In conformity to the Act of the Congress of the United States, entitled, "An Act for the encouragement of Learning, by securing the copies of Maps, Charts and Books, to the Authors and Proprietors of such copies, during the times therein mentioned:" and also to an Act entitled "An Act supplementary to an Act, entitled, An Act for the encouragement of Learning, by securing the Copies of Maps, Charts and Books, to the Authors and Proprietors of such Copies during the times therein mentioned; and extending the benefits thereof to the Arts of Designing, Engraving and Etching Historical and other Prints."

JNO. W. DAVIS, *Clerk of the District of Massachusetts.*

PREFACE.

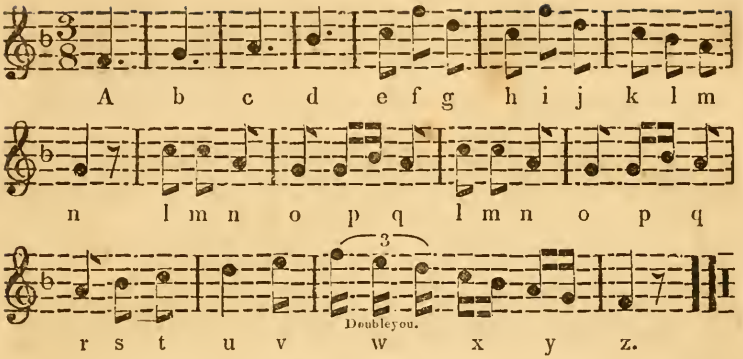
The leading object in compiling this little book, has been to aid Teachers of Infant Schools: and to offer such a combination of Airs with Hymns, or words, suited to Infant instruction, as might be useful in families, where there are children; at the same time affording them amusement and instruction, suited both to school-time and play-hours. The music is a selection of favourite Airs from the most approved composers. It should be, and it is hoped that it is, such as will command the approbation of mature age—and strike with peculiar force the sprightly feelings of childhood.

Exertion has been made to select such words as are intelligible, or might be easily explained to very young children. The language of the poetry has been freely altered, so far as was necessary to adapt the poetical to the musical cadence. Care has been taken that the feelings of no class of christians should be offended.

It was deemed inexpedient to prefix musical rules, because they will be found in the Church music books in every family where music is thought to be worthy of attention.

This attempt to combine pure religious and moral sentiment with innocent hiliarity, is dedicated to those benevolent ladies who devote their time and talents to the cause of infant education, with the hope that it will be in some degree auxiliary to their meritorious enterprize.

Boston, May 1830.

ALPHABET NO. 1.

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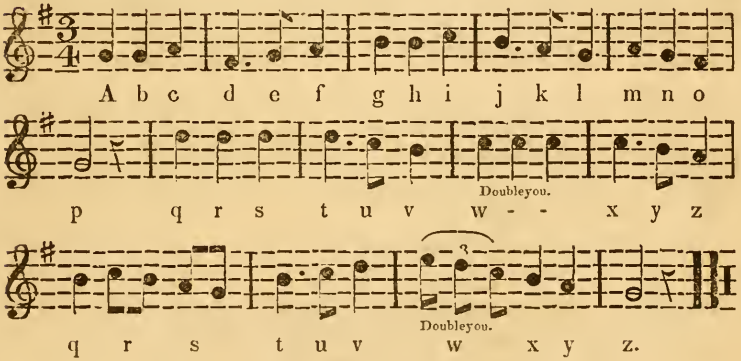
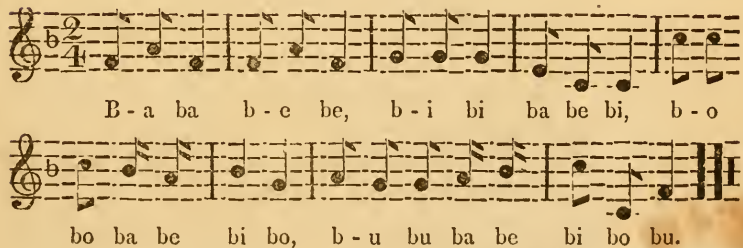
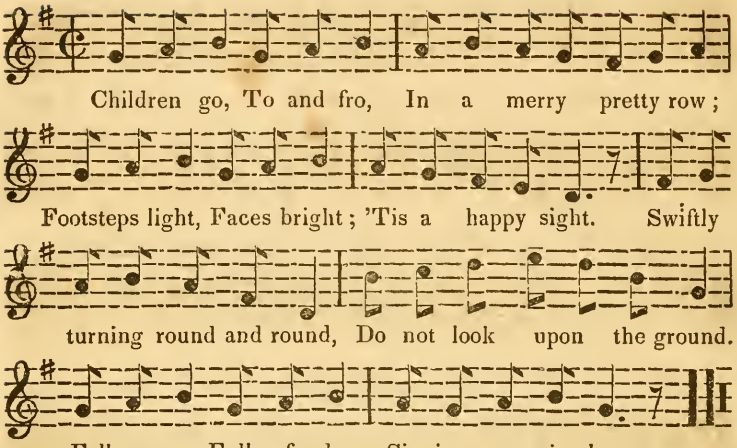

B - a—Ba.



TO THE SAME TUNE.

A E I O U Y,
Vowels are ; all the rest,
Are consonants requiring
A E I O U or Y.

CHILDREN GO.


Children go, To and fro, In a merry pretty row;
Footsteps light, Faces bright; 'Tis a happy sight. Swiftly
turning round and round, Do not look upon the ground.
Follow me, Full of glee, Singing mer-ri - ly.

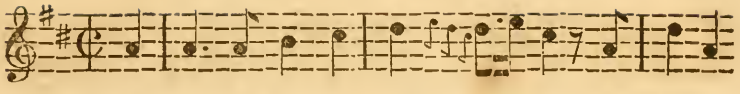
2

Birds are free,
So are we;
And we live as happily.
Work we do,
Study too,
For we learn "twice two."
Then we laugh, and dance, and sing;
Gay as birds, or any thing.
Follow me,
Full of glee;
Singing merrily.

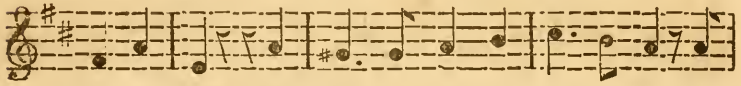
3

Work is done,
Play's begun,
Now we have our laugh and fun.
Happy days,
Pretty plays;
And no naughty ways.
Holding fast each others hand,
We're a little happy band;
Follow me,
Full of glee,
Singing merrily.

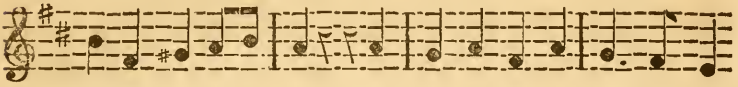
MORNING PRAYER.



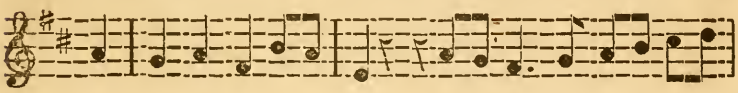
Behold, my eyes, the morn - ing sun, How smiling,

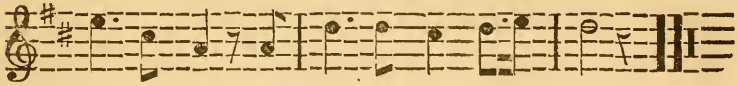


bright and gay; Cheerful I leave my peaceful bed, To



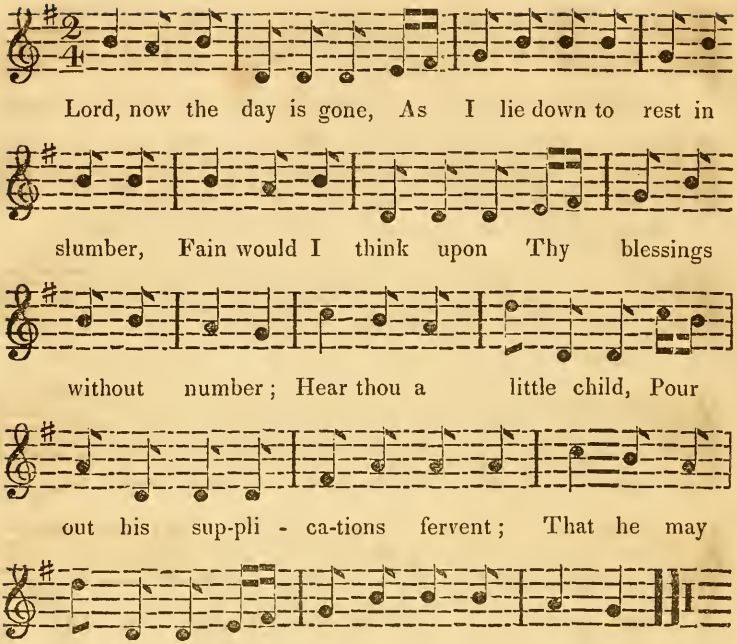
read and sing and pray, 'Twas by thy kind, in-dul - gent care,



In peace I lay me down,— And 'tis the same sweet

beams of love, My waking moments crown.

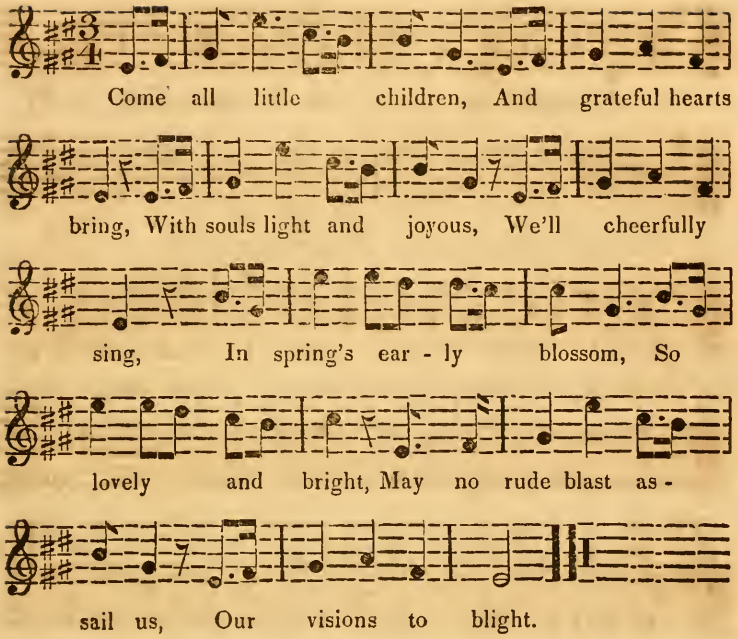
2

No sad alarms my slumbers broke,
No terror, fear, nor dread,
No sickness seiz'd my tender frame,
Nor flames came near my bed.
Lord, teach a little simple child,
To lisp the Saviour's love;
O let me live to thee below,
And dwell with thee above.

EVENING PRAYER.

Lord, now the day is gone, As I lie down to rest in
slumber, Fain would I think upon Thy blessings
without number; Hear thou a little child, Pour
out his sup-pli - ca-tions fervent; That he may
un - de - fil'd, For - ev - er be thy servant.

2

Guard thou my infant days,
Through every joy and every danger;
Make me in all my ways,
To thee, my God, no stranger.
O, let thy spirit be,
My guard from sin and all temptation,
That when I die, from thee
My soul may meet salvation.

COME ALL LITTLE CHILDREN.

Come all little children, And grateful hearts
bring, With souls light and joyous, We'll cheerfully
sing, In spring's ear - ly blossom, So
lovely and bright, May no rude blast as -
sail us, Our visions to blight.

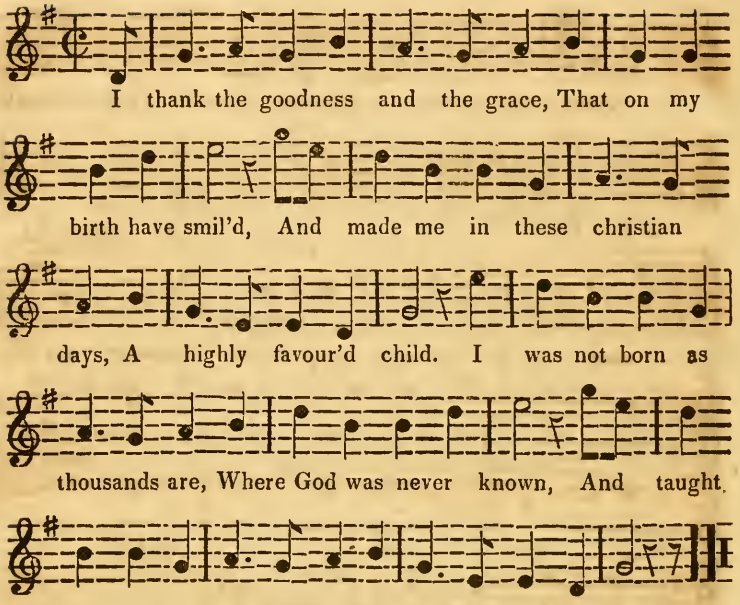
2

O, deign, God all glorious,
To smile on our youth;
And early enrich us
With wisdom and truth.
And when in full manhood
Our fond homes we leave,
May the lessons of childhood,
To our minds ever cleave.

3

When time rolling onward,
Shall leave us alone;
And our fond hearts remember
The dearest ones gone:
While life's day is closing,
May hope's star display,
A place of re-union,
On a far brighter day.

I THANK THE GOODNESS.

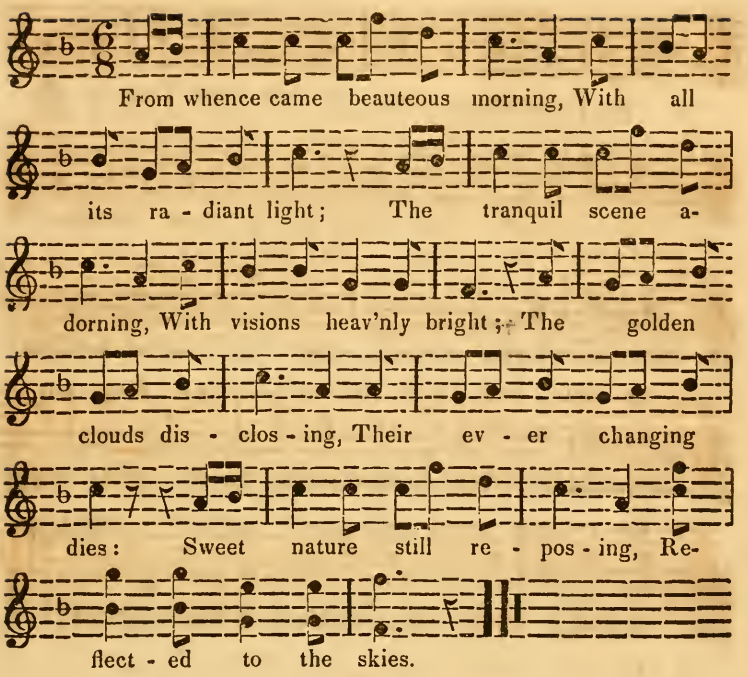

I thank the goodness and the grace, That on my
birth have smil'd, And made me in these christian
days, A highly favour'd child. I was not born as
thousands are, Where God was never known, And taught
to pray a useless prayer, To blocks of wood and stone.

2

I was not born a little slave,
To labour in the sun;
And wish that I were in my grave,
And all my labour done.
I was not born without a home,
Or in some broken shed—
A gipsy—baby, taught to roam,
And steal my daily bread.

3

My God, I thank thee, who has plann'd
A better lot for me,
And plac'd me in this happy land;
And where I hear of thee.
Then let me strive with all my heart,
My duty to fulfil;—
To act the wise and better part,
Conforming to thy will.

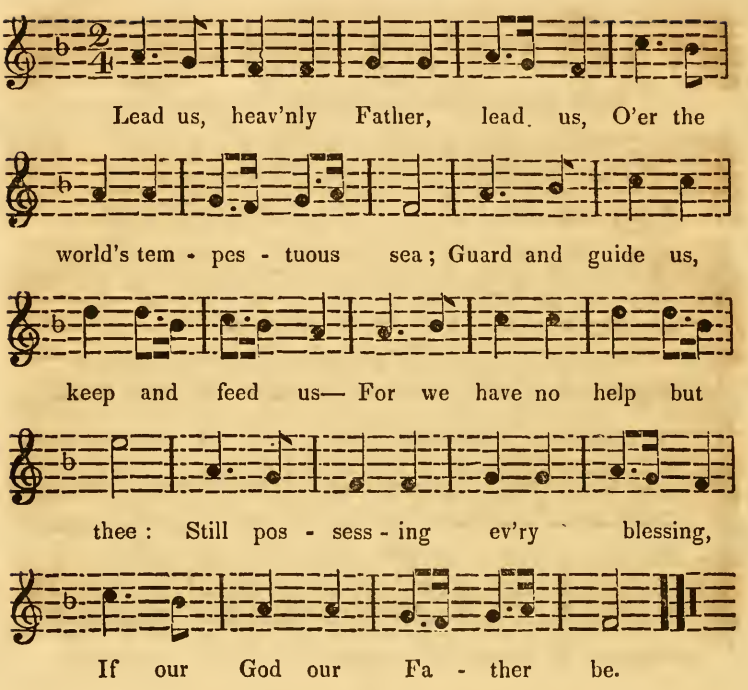
BEAUTEOUS MORNING.

From whence came beauteous morning, With all
its ra - diant light; The tranquil scene a-
dorning, With visions heav'nly bright; The golden
clouds dis - clos - ing, Their ev - er changing
dies: Sweet nature still re - pos - ing, Re-
flect - ed to the skies.

2

Can mortals see such splendour
Unfold before their view;
And not in rapture render,
Their fervent homage due;
To him supremely reigning,
In glory thus above;
And o'er the earth ordaining
His goodness and his love.

3

May we bow down before thee,
Great God, our heav'nly King—
With filial hearts adore thee,
And daily praises sing.
May we in nature see thee;
Read there thy pow'r and love.
May all that glows with beauty
Lead us to thee above.

LEAD US, HEAVENLY FATHER.

Lead us, heav'nly Father, lead us, O'er the
world's tem - pes - tuous sea; Guard and guide us,
keep and feed us— For we have no help but
thee: Still pos - sess - ing ev'ry blessing,
If our God our Fa - ther be.

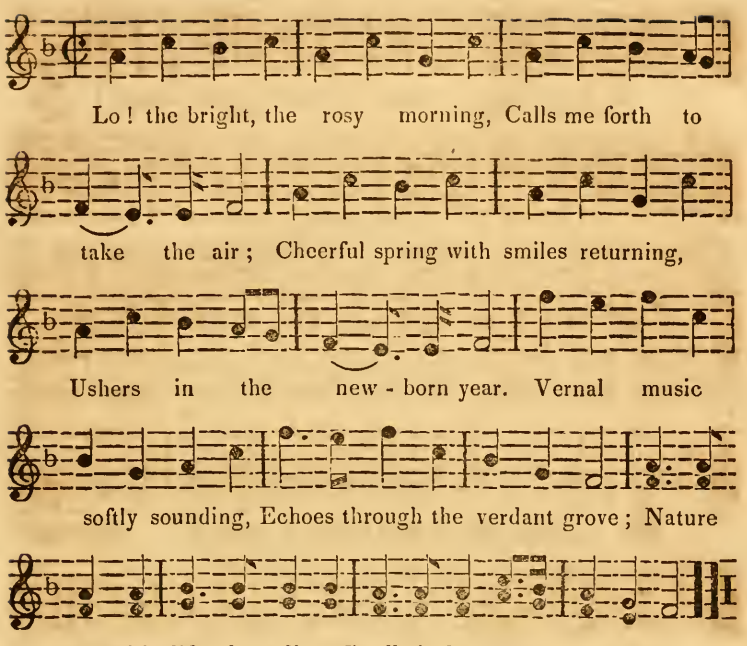
2

Saviour! breathe forgiveness o'er us;
All our weakness thou dost know,
Thou didst tread this world before us:
Thou didst feel its keenest woe—
Lone and dreary—weak and weary,
Through the desert thou didst go.

3

Spirit of our God, descending,
Fill our hearts with heav'nly joy,
Love with kind affection blending;
Pleasure time can never cloy.
Thus provided—pardon'd—guided,
Nothing shall our peace destroy.

ROSY MORNING.

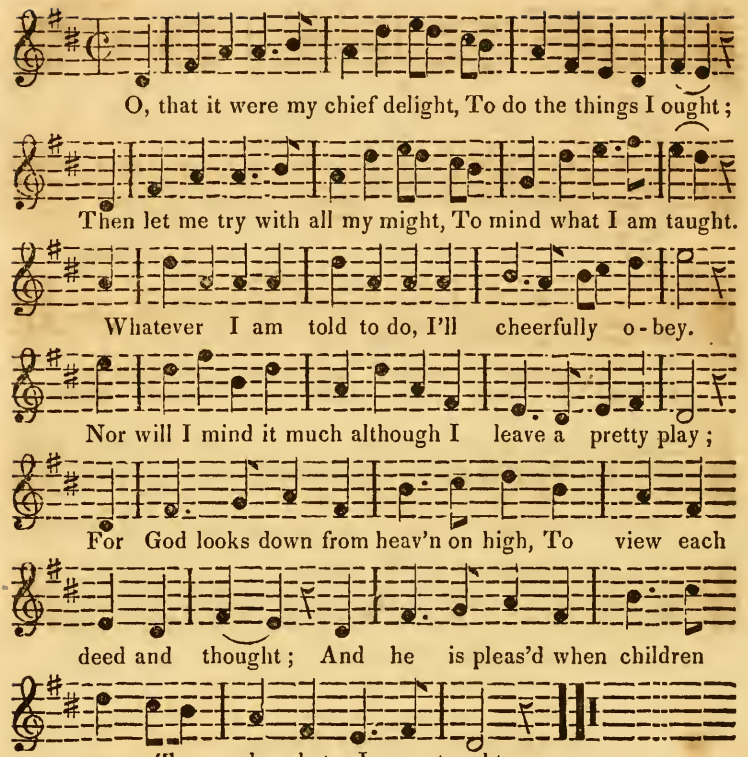

Lo! the bright, the rosy morning, Calls me forth to
take the air; Cheerful spring with smiles returning,
Ushers in the new-born year. Vernal music
softly sounding, Echoes through the verdant grove; Nature
now with life abounding, Swells in har-mo-ny and love.

2

Now the kind refreshing showers,
  Water all the plains around,
Springing grass and painted flowers,
  In the smiling meads abound.
Now the vernal dress assuming,
  Leafy robes adorn the trees;
Odours now the air perfuming,
  Sweetly scent the gentle breeze.

3

Praise to THEE, thou great Creator,
  Praise be thine from ev'ry tongue;
Join, my soul, with ev'ry creature,
  Join the universal song:
For ten thousand blessings given;
  For the richest gifts bestow'd—
Sound his praise through earth and heaven;—
  Sound Jehovah's praise abroad.

O THAT IT WERE.

O, that it were my chief delight, To do the things I ought;
Then let me try with all my might, To mind what I am taught.
Whatever I am told to do, I'll cheerfully o-bey.
Nor will I mind it much although I leave a pretty play;
For God looks down from heav'n on high, To view each
deed and thought; And he is pleas'd when children
try, To do what Jesus taught.

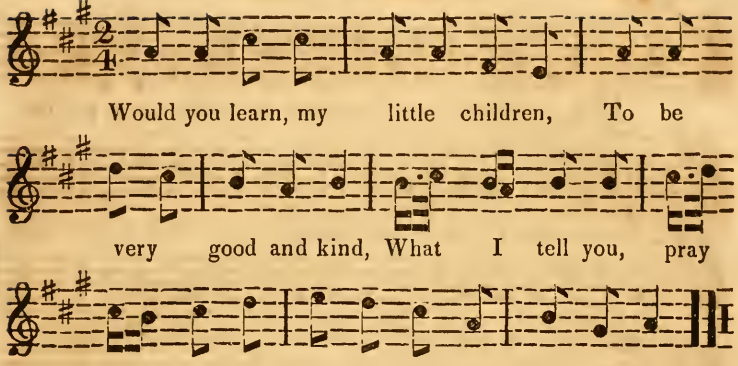
2

When I am bid, I'll freely bring,
Whatever I have got;
And never touch a pretty thing,
My mother tells me not.
When she permits me, I may tell,
About my little toys—
But if she's busy, or unwell,
I will not make a noise.
For God looks down, &c.

3

And when I learn my hymns to say,
And work, and read, and spell;
I will not think about my play,
But try to do it well.
And I'll obey my Maker's will,
In ev'ry day I live;
That he may in his mercy, still
His daily blessing give.
For God looks down, &c.

WOULD YOU LEARN.



2

In your play be very careful,
Not to give another pain;
If rude children teaze or hurt you,
Never do the like again.

3

If a stone were thrown upon you,
And should hit your head or eye;
Don't you know 'twould hurt you sadly;
And perhaps 'twould make you cry.

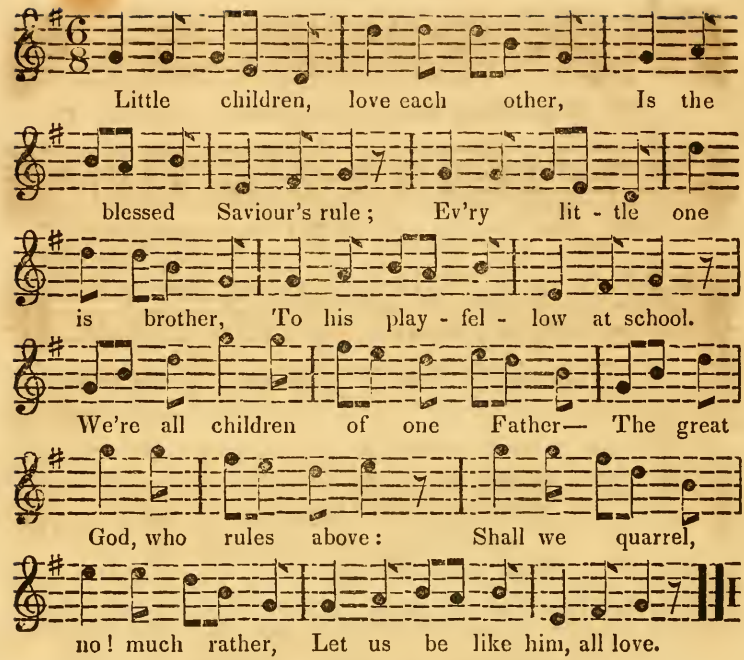
4

Never throw a stone or brick-bat,
Though you see no creature near;
'Tis a dang'rous, naughty practice,
Which you little ones should fear.

5

God will love the child that's gentle,
And who tries to do no wrong;
And you should be very careful,
Even though you are so young.

LOVE EACH OTHER.


Little children, love each other, Is the
blessed Saviour's rule; Ev'ry lit - tle one
is brother, To his play - fel - low at school.
We're all children of one Father— The great
God, who rules above: Shall we quarrel,
no! much rather, Let us be like him, all love.

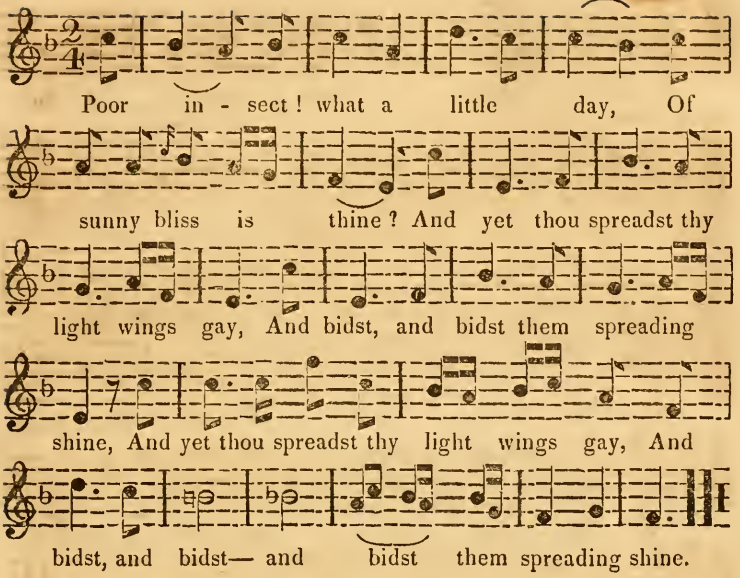
2

He has plac'd us here together,
That we may be good and kind;
He is ever watching whether
We are one in heart and mind.
He who's stronger than the other—
Let him be the weak one's friend;
Who's more play-things than his brother—
He'll delight to give and lend.

3

Selfish children's sad behaviour,
Shows they love themselves alone;
But the children of the Saviour,
Say not any thing's their own.
All they have they share with others;—
Give kind looks and gentle words;
Thus they live like happy brothers,
And are known to be the Lord's.

POOR INSECT!


Poor in - sect! what a little day, Of
sunny bliss is thine? And yet thou spreadst thy
light wings gay, And bidst, and bidst them spreading
shine, And yet thou spreadst thy light wings gay, And
bidst, and bidst— and bidst them spreading shine.

2

Thou humm'st thy short and busy tune,
Unmindful of the blast:
And careless, while 'tis burning noon,
How quick that noon is past.

3

A shower would lay thy beauty low;
The dew of twilight be,
The torrent of thy overthrow:—
Thy storm of destiny.

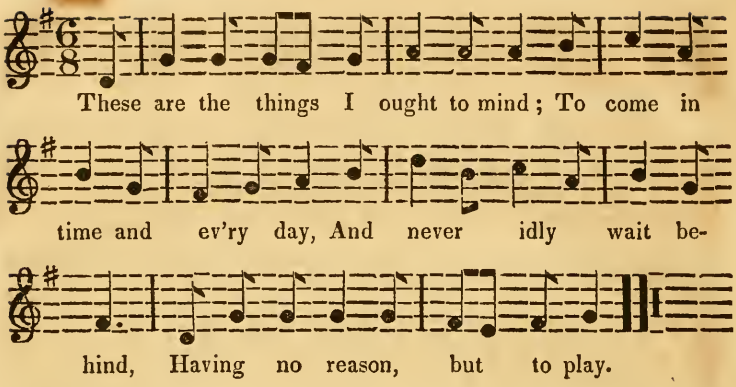
4

Then spread thy little broider'd wing;—
Hum on thy busy lay;—
For man like thee has but his spring,
Like thine it fades away.

5

But not like thine his final doom,
To flutter—and to die—
Renew'd he rises from the tomb,
To dwell with God on high.

THE THINGS I OUGHT TO MIND.



2

To brush my clothes and put them on,
And see my hands and face are clean;
To know my lessons ev'ry one,
And to remember what they mean.

3

My books I must not tear or lose,
But always keep them fair and neat;
And wicked words I will not use;
Such as I hear about the street.

4

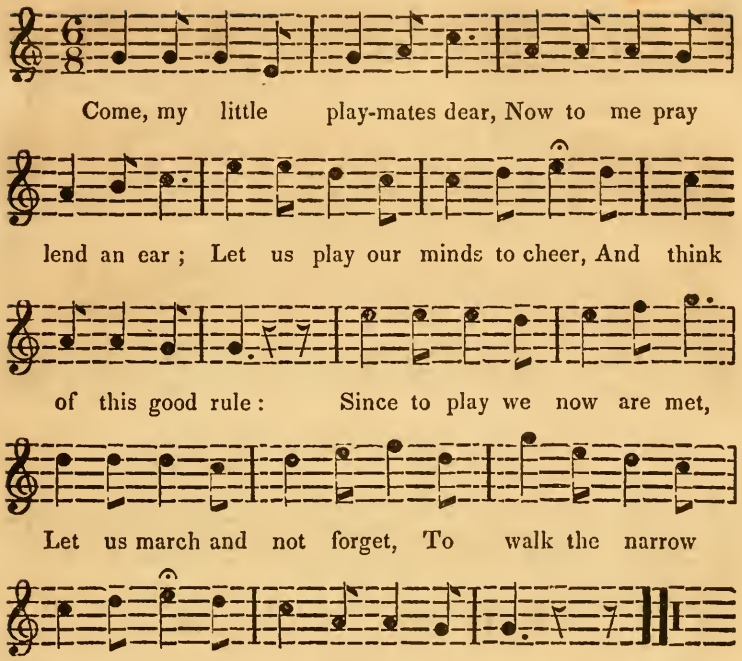
I must remember what I'm told,
And always do as I am bid;
I'll ne'er be obstinate or bold;
Angry or sulky when I'm chid.

5

And when I am away from school,
And think that nobody is near,
I would remember ev'ry rule,
And be as good as when I'm there.

6

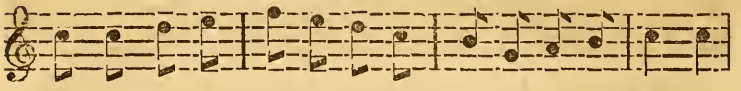
These are the things, that I should mind;
And so I will with all my might;
For sure I am that I shall find,
True happiness in doing right.

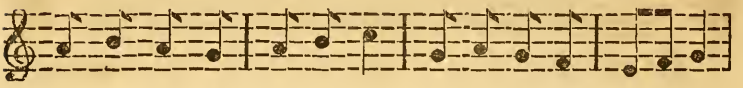
PLAY-MATES.

Come, my little play-mates dear, Now to me pray
lend an ear ; Let us play our minds to cheer, And think
of this good rule : Since to play we now are met,
Let us march and not forget, To walk the narrow
line that's set, Around our infant school.

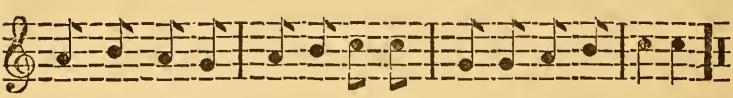
2

While we march, and while we play,
Let us all our lessons say ;
Thus improving ev'ry day,
Under teachers kind.
This will make our tempers mild,
Taming ev'ry passion wild :—
And at school shall ev'ry child,
Sweet instruction find.

MULTIPLICATION.

Five times five are twenty-five, And five times six are thirty;
$5 \times 5 = 25$ $5 \times 6 = 30$

Five times sev'n are thirty-five, And five times eight are forty.
$5 \times 7 = 35$ $5 \times 8 = 40$



Five times nine are forty-five, Five times ten are fifty;
$5 \times 9 = 45$ $5 \times 10 = 50$

Five times elev'n are fifty-five, And five times twelve are sixty.
$5 \times 11 = 55$ $5 \times 12 = 60.$

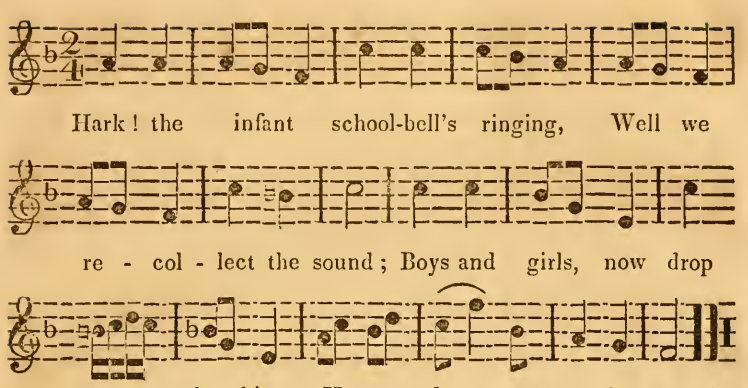
2

Three times nine are twenty-seven, ...	3× 9= 27
And three times ten are thirty, ...	3×10= 30
Four times nine are thirty-six, ...	4× 9= 36
And four times ten are forty, ...	4×10= 40
Five times nine are forty-five, ...	5× 9= 45
Five times ten are fifty, ...	5×10= 50
Six times nine are fifty-four, ...	6× 9= 54
And six times ten are sixty.	6×10= 60

3

Sev'n times nine are sixty-three, ...	7× 9= 63
And sev'n times ten are seventy, ...	7×10= 70
Eight times nine are seventy-two, ...	8× 9= 72
And eight times ten are eighty.	8×10= 80
Nine times nine are eighty-one, ...	9× 9= 81
Nine times ten are ninety, ...	9×10= 90
Nine times elev'n are ninety-nine, ...	9×11= 99
And ten times ten's a hundred.	10×10=100

SCHOOL-BELL RINGING.

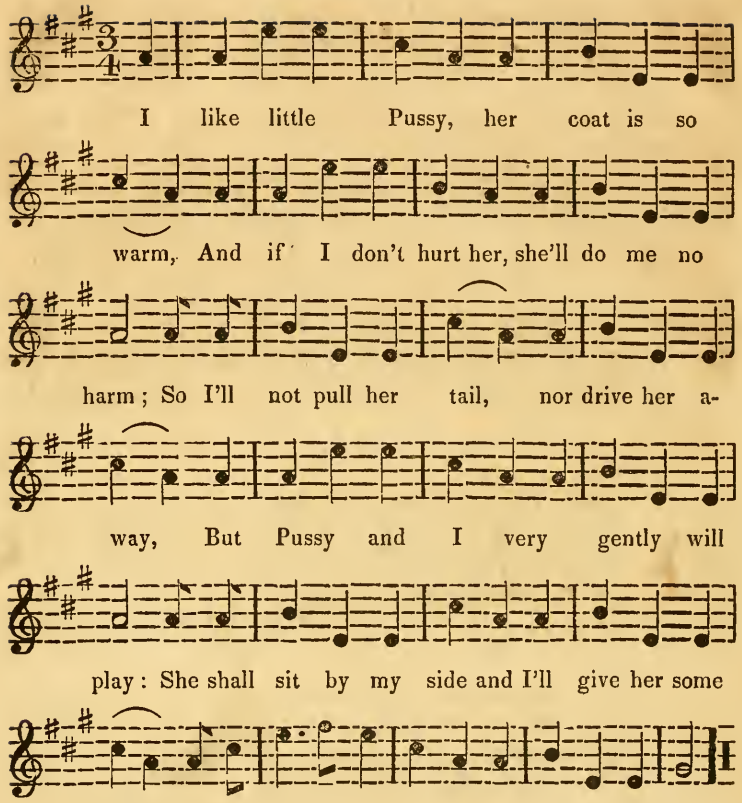

Hark! the infant school-bell's ringing, Well we
re - col - lect the sound; Boys and girls, now drop
your play-things, Hasten from the neat play-ground.

2

Can we be such careless children,
When we've half an hour to play,
As to leave our sports with sorrow,
When the bell calls us away.

3

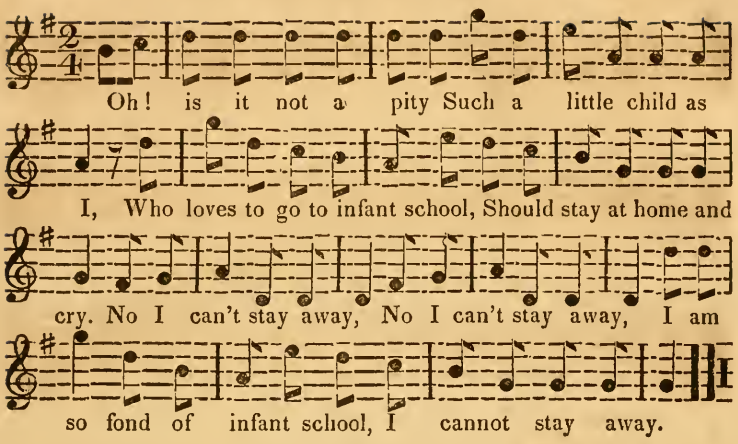
No, dear teacher, we will hasten,
Our affection to display;
By attention to your wishes,
We will cheerful pass the day.

PUSSY.

I like little Pussy, her coat is so
warm, And if I don't hurt her, she'll do me no
harm; So I'll not pull her tail, nor drive her a-
way, But Pussy and I very gently will
play: She shall sit by my side and I'll give her some
food, And she loves me because I am gentle and good.

2

I'll pat pretty Pussy, and then she will purr;
And thus show her thanks for my kindness to her.
But I'll not pinch her ears, nor tread on her paw,
Lest I should provoke her to use her sharp claw.
I never will vex her nor make her displeased:—
For Pussy don't like to be worried and teaz'd.

OH! IS IT NOT A PITY.


Oh! is it not a pity Such a little child as
I, Who loves to go to infant school, Should stay at home and
cry. No I can't stay away, No I can't stay away, I am
so fond of infant school, I cannot stay away.

2

I cannot bear to stay away;
It will not do for me;
Do let me go to infant school,
And learn my A B C.
O, I can't stay away, &c.

3

I love to march, I love to sing,
For this does please me so;
I love to say my tables o'er,
As round the room I go.
O, I can't stay away, &c.

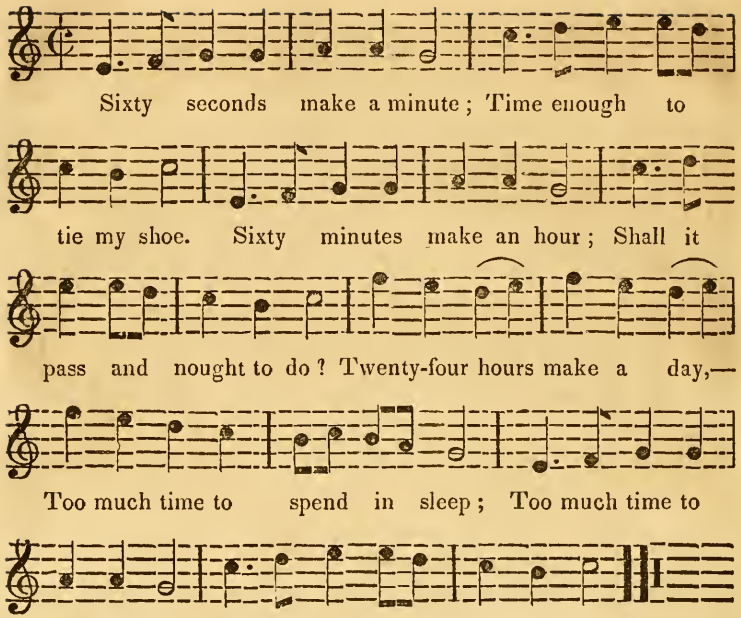
4

I love to see the pictures there;
I love to learn their names;
I love to count and numerate,
Upon the pretty frames.
So I can't stay away, &c.

5

O, mother, please to let me go,
And see how good I'll be;
And then I will come home at night,
And tell you all I see.
No, I can't stay away, &c.

TIME.


Sixty seconds make a minute; Time enough to
tie my shoe. Sixty minutes make an hour; Shall it
pass and nought to do? Twenty-four hours make a day,—
Too much time to spend in sleep; Too much time to
spend in play; Seven days will make a week.

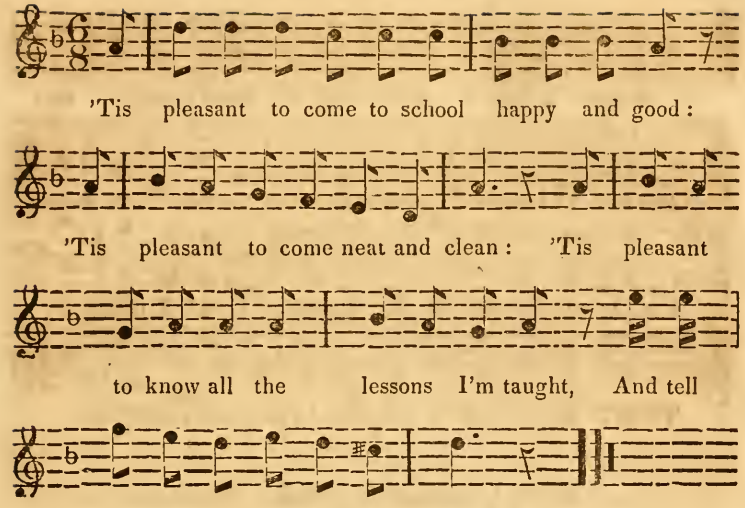
2

Fifty-two such weeks will put,
Near an end to ev'ry year;
Days three hundred sixty-five,
Are the whole that it can share;
Saving leap-year, when one day,
Added is to gain lost time;
May it not be spent in play,
Nor in idleness or crime.

3

God, in everlasting love,
Days and years and weeks has giv'n;
That on earth our time may prove,
Preparation meet for heav'n.
Time is short, we often say;—
Let us then improve it well,—
That eternally we may
Live where happy Angels dwell.

NEATNESS.


'Tis pleasant to come to school happy and good:
'Tis pleasant to come neat and clean: 'Tis pleasant
to know all the lessons I'm taught, And tell
mother at home what they mean.

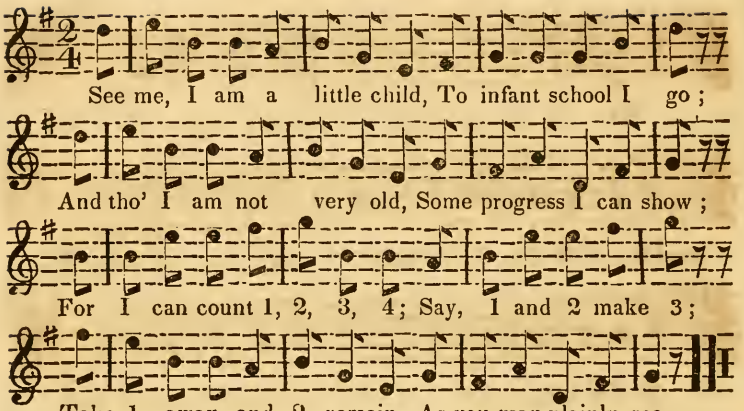
2

How sorry I am when we stand up to sing,
If dirty my hands and my face,—
For then I'm remov'd far away from the rest,
And must not stand up in my place.

3

Then I'll beg my dear mother to make me quite neat,
And wash me and comb me each day,
For then I may read all my lessons at school,
And afterwards happily play.

SEE ME, I AM A LITTLE CHILD.


See me, I am a little child, To infant school I go ;
And tho' I am not very old, Some progress I can show ;
For I can count 1, 2, 3, 4; Say, 1 and 2 make 3 ;
Take 1 away, and 2 remain, As you may plainly see.

2

Twice 1 are 2, twice 2 are 4
And 6 are 3 times 2,
Twice 4 are 8, twice 5 are 10,
And more than this I do ;
For I can say some pretty rhymes,
About the Dog and Cat ;
And sing them very sweetly too,
And to beat time I pat.

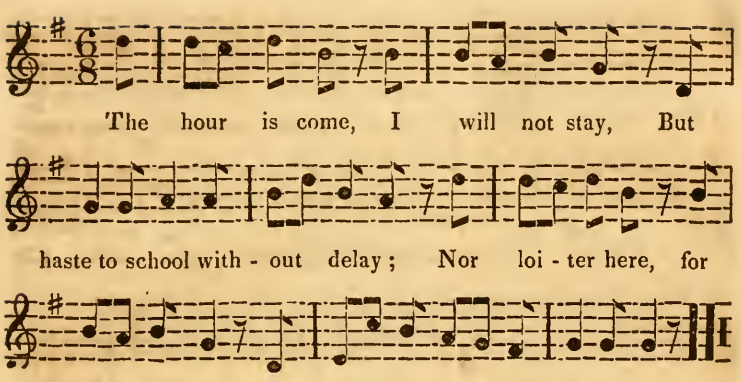
3

I know that A does stand for Ape,
For Apple, and for All ;
That B does for a Bottle stand ;
For Baker and for Ball.
C stands for Cake, and Cooper too :
D for my pretty Dog ;
The Eagle is our country's Arms,
And F, does stand for Frog.

4

I know of substances there's two,
One sees, and feels, and loves,
The other only stands stock still,
Nor sees, nor hears, nor moves ;
And better still, I know that God
Made all things that I see,
He made the earth—he made the sky—
And he made you and me.

THE HOUR IS COME.


The hour is come, I will not stay, But
haste to school with - out delay; Nor loi - ter here, for
'tis a crime, To tri - fle thus with precious time.

2

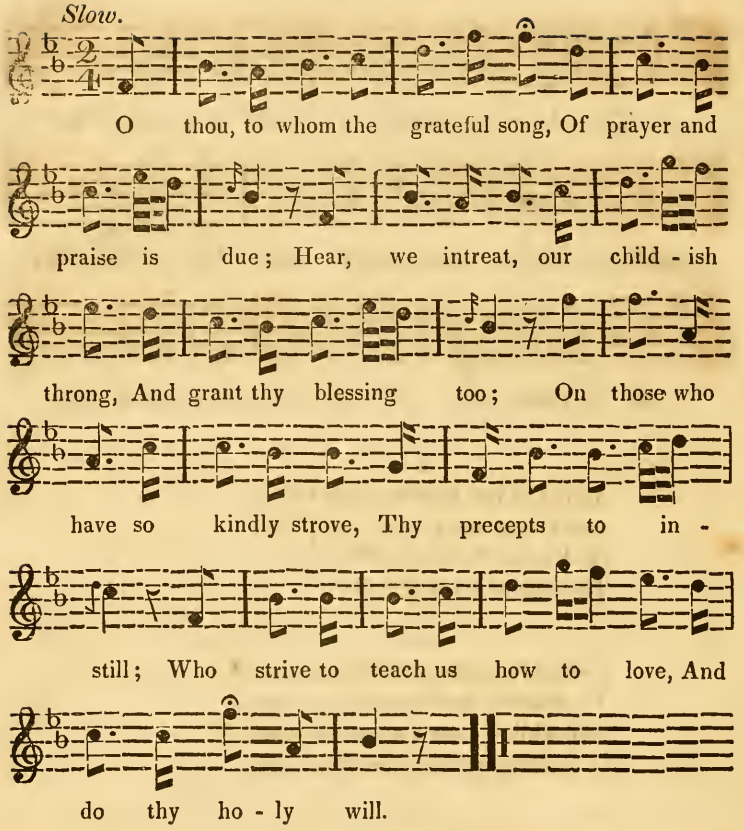
And shall our teachers wait in vain,
And of our sad neglect complain?
No! rather let me strive to be,
The first of all the family.

3

I should be there with humble mind,
To seek th' instruction I may find;
And while I hear the sacred page,
O, may its truths my heart engage.

4

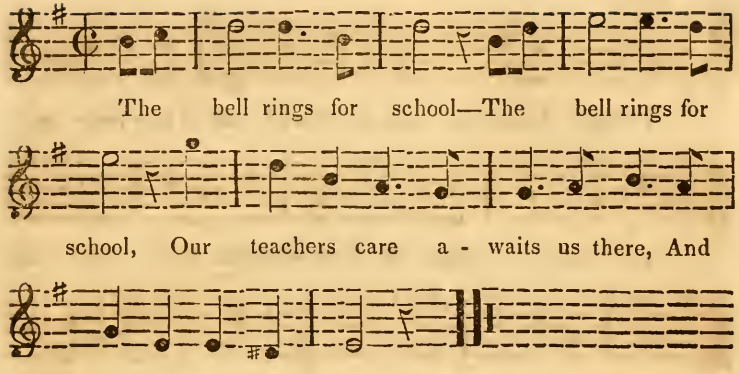
These golden days will soon be o'er,
When we can go to school no more.
How can I then endure the thought,
Of having spent my time for naught.

O THOU TO WHOM.

Slow.
O thou, to whom the grateful song, Of prayer and
praise is due; Hear, we intreat, our child - ish
throng, And grant thy blessing too; On those who
have so kindly strove, Thy precepts to in -
still; Who strive to teach us how to love, And
do thy ho - ly will.

2

On such, O Lord, thy mercies shed,
Who in this world of woe;
Like fountains fresh, with waters fed,
Bear blessings as they flow.
May we, thus blest, yet humbly bow,
To THEE, the source of LOVE;
And drawing nurture from below,
Breathe brightness from above.

THE BELL RINGS.



2

We'll march round the hall;
We'll march round the hall;
And on the way our tables say,
Suspended on the wall.

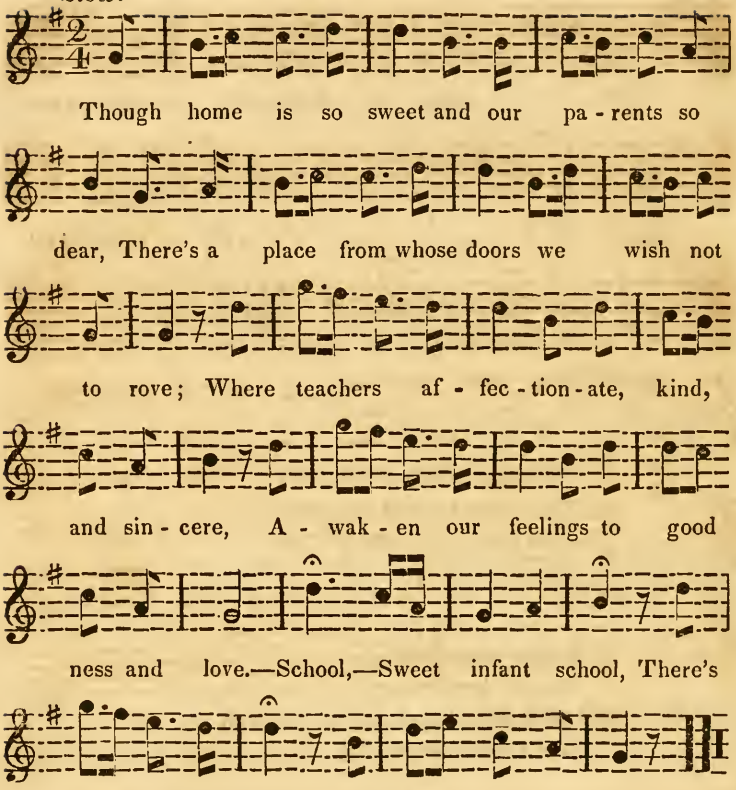
3

To-day, boys, to-day,
To-day, boys, to-day,
We'll read and spell our lessons well,
And then retire to play.

4

And when school is done,
And when school is done,
Our mother's kind at home to mind,
We all will cheerful run.

SCHOOL, SWEET SCHOOL.

Slow.

Though home is so sweet and our pa - rents so
dear, There's a place from whose doors we wish not
to rove; Where teachers af - fec - tion - ate, kind,
and sin - cere, A - wak - en our feelings to good
ness and love.—School,—Sweet infant school, There's
no place like school, There's no place like school.

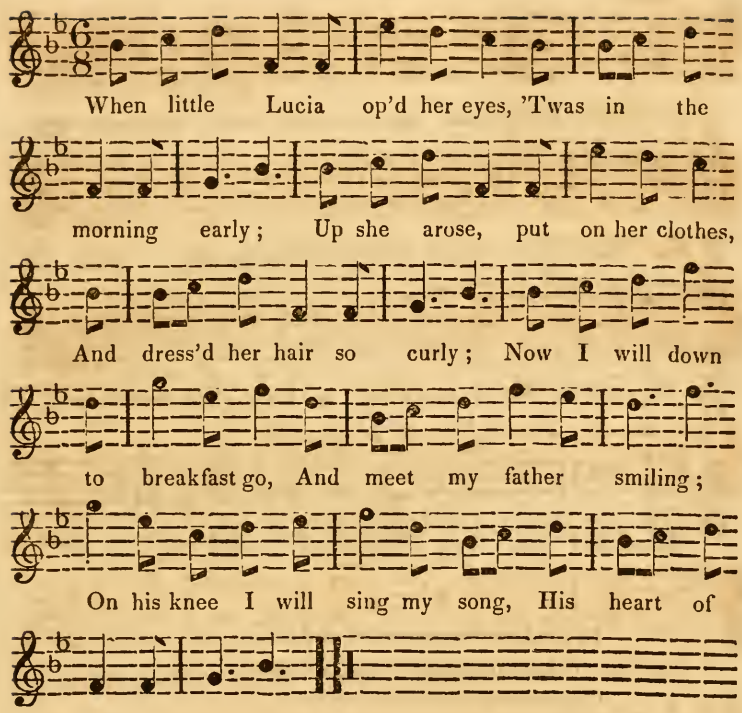
2

At home if we wish altogether to stay,
Our parents could hardly provide for our food;
And if in the streets with bad children we play,
We never should learn to be happy or good.
School, sweet, &c.

3

Then while our dear parents are tender and kind,
And teachers will point us to wisdom's abode;
Our home and our school, round our hearts closely twin'd,
Shall point us to virtue, and lead us to God.
School, sweet, &c.

MORNING EARLY.


When little Lucia op'd her eyes, 'Twas in the
morning early; Up she arose, put on her clothes,
And dress'd her hair so curly; Now I will down
to breakfast go, And meet my father smiling;
On his knee I will sing my song, His heart of
care be - guil-ing.

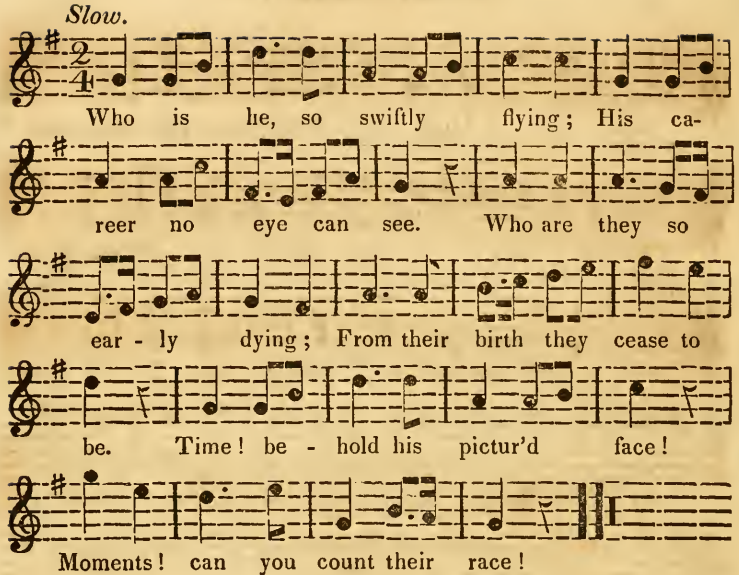
2

Then I'll repair to infant school, to use my books and play-things;
After the tables all are said, they'll let us see the gay things.
There I will read my lessons all; in every one progressing;
Then at home I'll repeat them o'er, and gain my mother's blessing.

3

When the sweet day of rest returns, from every care retreating,
I will attend the family, and cheerful go to meeting.
Every hour shall there be pass'd, in quiet, good behaviour;
There I'll learn all the lessons taught, by Jesus Christ, our Saviour.

WHO IS HE.


Slow.
Who is he, so swiftly flying; His ca-
reer no eye can see. Who are they so
ear - ly dying; From their birth they cease to
be. Time! be - hold his pictur'd face!
Moments! can you count their race!

2

In the highest realms of glory,
Spirits trace before the throne;
On eternal scrolls the story,
Of each little moment flown;
Ev'ry deed and word and thought
Through the whole creation wrought.

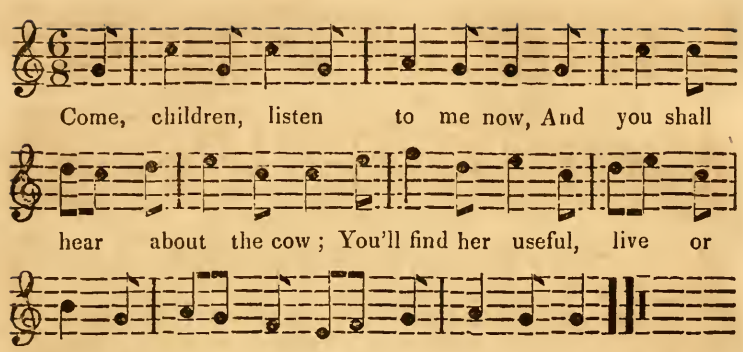
3

Were the volume of a minute,
Thus to mortal sight unroll'd;
More of sin and sorrow in it,—
More of man might we behold,—
Than on hist'ry's broadest page,
In the relics of an age.

4

Who could bear the revelation;
Who abide the sudden test,
With instinctive consternation,
Hands would cover ev'ry breast.—
Loudest tongues, at once be hush'd;
Pride, in all its pomp, be crush'd.

THE COW.


Come, children, listen to me now, And you shall
hear about the cow; You'll find her useful, live or
dead, Whether she's white, or black, or red.

2

When maidens milk her morn and night,
She gives them milk so fresh and white;
And this we little children think,
Is very nice for us to drink.

3

The curdled milk they press and squeeze,
And so they make it into cheese;
The cream they skim and shake in churns,
And then it soon to butter turns.

4

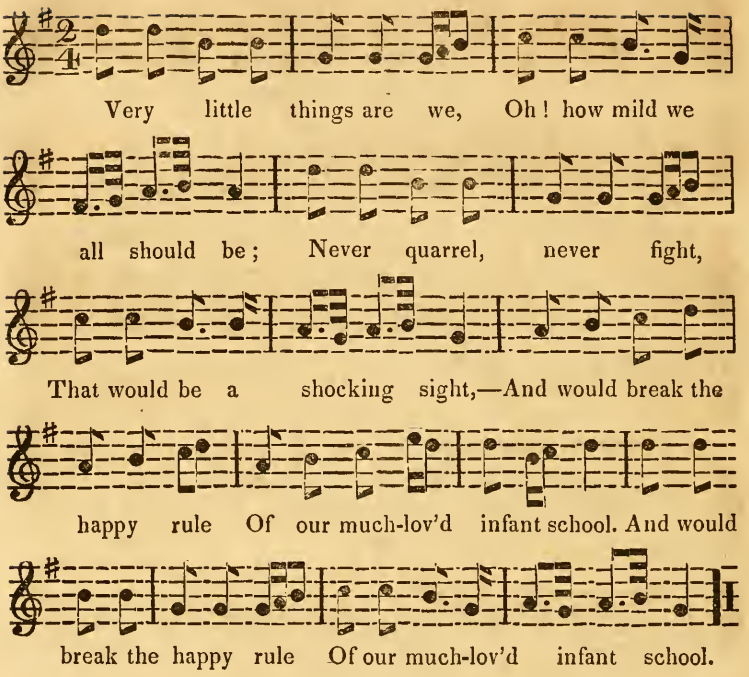
And when she's dead, her flesh is good,
For beef is quite nutricious food;
But though 'twill make us large and strong,
To eat too much we know is wrong.

5

The skin they tan with bark and lime,
And leather it becomes in time;
And without *that*, what should we do,
For soles for ev'ry boot and shoe.

6

And last of all, when cut with care,
Her horns make combs to comb our hair;
Her hair for mortar oft they take,
And from her feet fine glue they make.

VERY LITTLE THINGS.

Very little things are we, Oh! how mild we
all should be; Never quarrel, never fight,
That would be a shocking sight,—And would break the
happy rule Of our much-lov'd infant school. And would
break the happy rule Of our much-lov'd infant school.

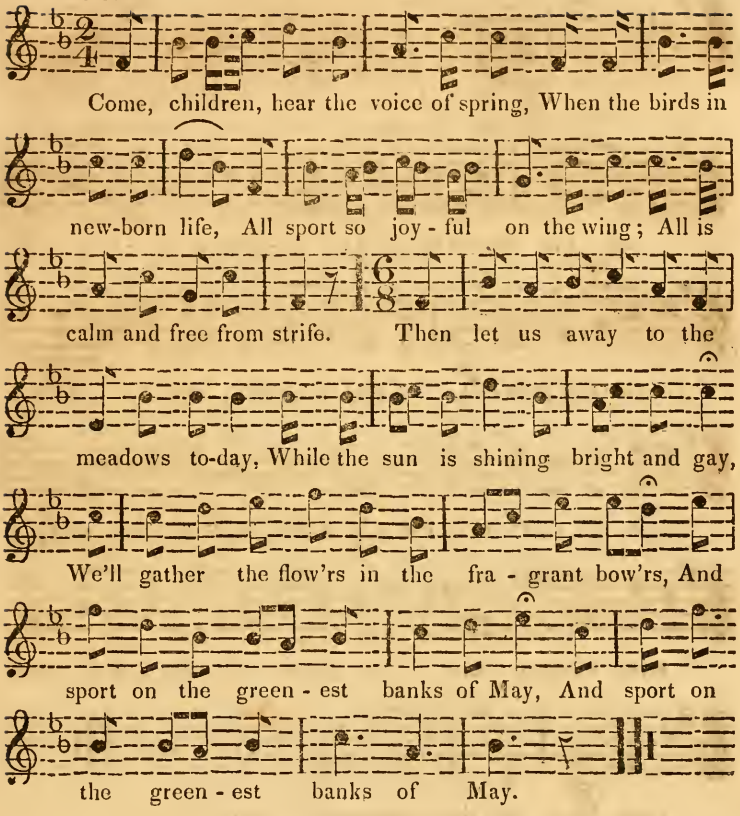
2

Just like pretty little lambs,
Softly skipping by their dams;
We'll be gentle all the day,
Love to learn as well as play;
And attend to ev'ry rule
Of our much-lov'd infant school;
And attend, &c.

3

In the winter when 'tis mild,
We may run, but not be wild;
But in summer we must walk,
And improve our time by talk;
Then we shall go nice and cool,
To our much-lov'd infant school;
Then we shall, &c.

THE VOICE OF SPRING.

Slow.

Come, children, hear the voice of spring, When the birds in
new-born life, All sport so joy - ful on the wing; All is
calm and free from strife. Then let us away to the
meadows to-day, While the sun is shining bright and gay,
We'll gather the flow'rs in the fra - grant bow'rs, And
sport on the green - est banks of May, And sport on
the green - est banks of May.

2

Come, children, see the beaming sun
Has op'd the morning flow'r;
And e'er his high career is run,
He'll with fragrance fill the bow'r.
Then let us away, &c.

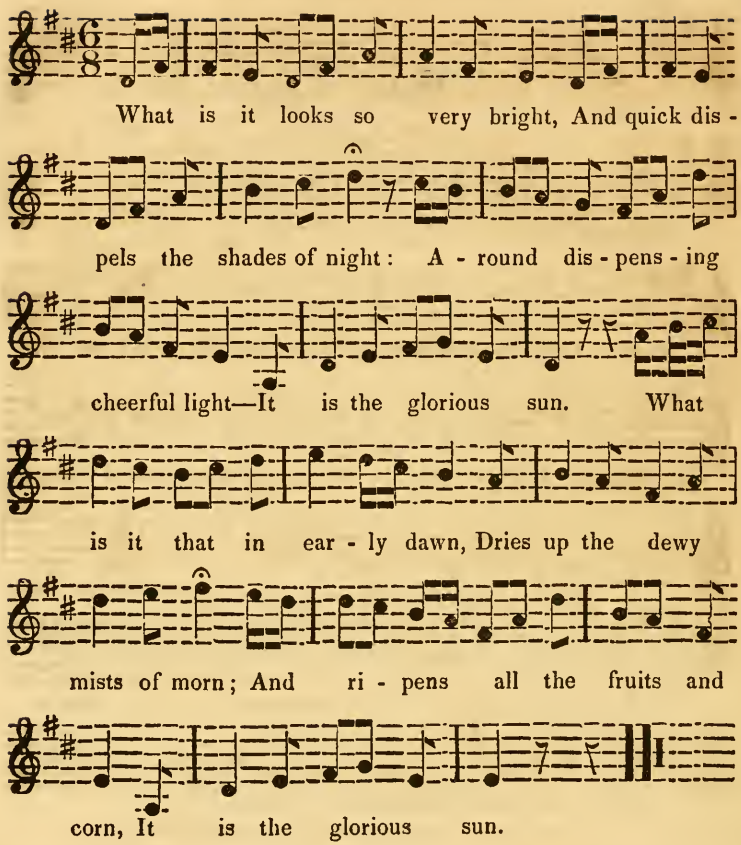
3

Come, children, wake, 'tis late, 'tis late;
The sun has mounted high;
Nor stays a moment while we wait,
But speeds him through the sky.
Then let us away, &c.

4

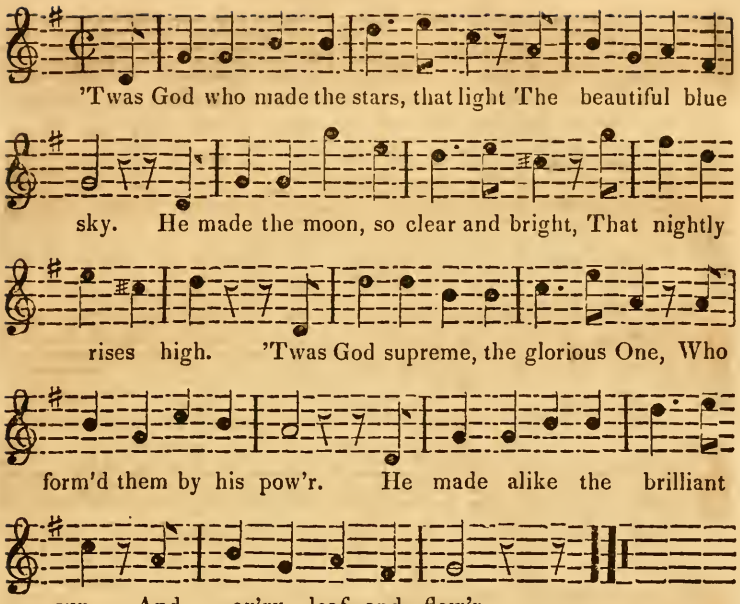
Come, taste the morning air so sweet;
Arise, and let's be gone,
The dew-drops will sparkle beneath our feet,
As we skip across the lawn.
Then let us away, &c.

THE GLORIOUS SUN.


What is it looks so very bright, And quick dis -
pels the shades of night: A - round dis - pens - ing
cheerful light—It is the glorious sun. What
is it that in ear - ly dawn, Dries up the dewy
mists of morn; And ri - pens all the fruits and
corn, It is the glorious sun.

2

What brings the genial warmth of day,
And drives the wintry blast away,
And makes the summer fields so gay,
It is the glorious sun.
What gives the fragrance to the flow'r,
And paints the rain-bow on the show'r;—
An emblem of Almighty Pow'r,
It is the glorious sun.

BLUE SKY.

'Twas God who made the stars, that light The beautiful blue
sky. He made the moon, so clear and bright, That nightly
rises high. 'Twas God supreme, the glorious One, Who
form'd them by his pow'r. He made alike the brilliant
sun, And ev'ry leaf and flow'r.

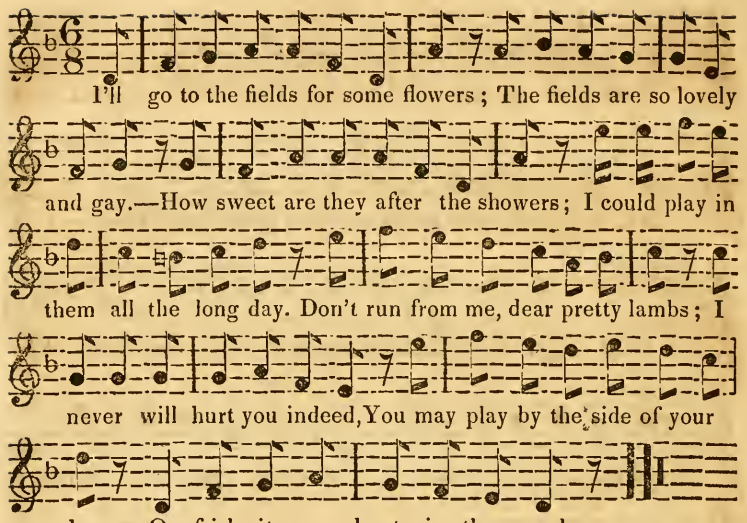
2

He made your little feet to walk;
Your sparkling eyes to see;
Your busy, prattling tongue to talk:—
And limbs so light and free.
He paints each fragrant flow'r that blows,
With loveliness and bloom;
He gives the violet and the rose,
Their beauty and perfume.

3

Our various wants his hands supply,
With bounty ev'ry hour,
We're kept beneath his watchful eye,
And guarded by his pow'r.
Then let your little hearts, with love,
Their grateful homage pay,
To that kind friend, who from above
Protects us ev'ry day.

I'LL GO TO THE FIELDS.


I'll go to the fields for some flowers; The fields are so lovely
and gay.—How sweet are they after the showers; I could play in
them all the long day. Don't run from me, dear pretty lambs; I
never will hurt you indeed, You may play by the side of your
dams,—Or frisk it a - bout in the mead.

2

Perhaps the sweet cowslip is there,
That hangs down its beautiful head;
The laurel so lovely and fair,
And the daisy enamel'd with red.
In the wood I shall find the blue-bell,
The pretty anemone too;
The meadow-sweet down in the dell,
And the violet with beautiful hue.

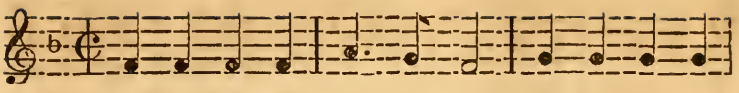
3

The sweet-scented hawthorn I see,
And roses that sweeten the breeze;
But none of them sweeter to me
Than the woodbine that twines round the trees.
But who made these beautiful trees,
And who made these delicate flow'rs,
Who sweetens with roses the breeze,
And refreshes the fields with his show'rs?

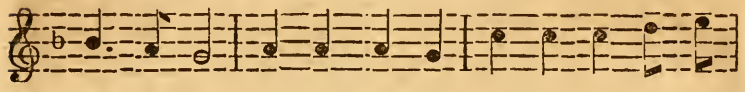
4

'Twas my kind heav'nly Father above,
Who made ev'ry thing that I see;
And he in compassion and love,
Regards a poor infant like me.
Then him will I ever adore,
Who blessings so freely does give,
His word I'll obey evermore,
While he shall permit me to live.

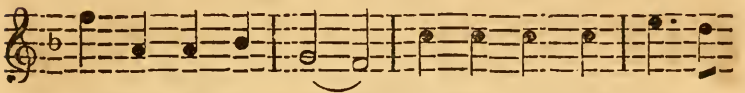
THE LARK.



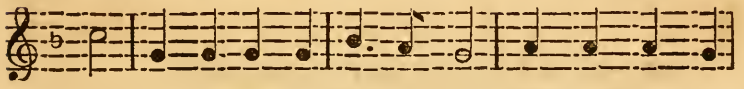
From his humble grassy bed, See the warbling

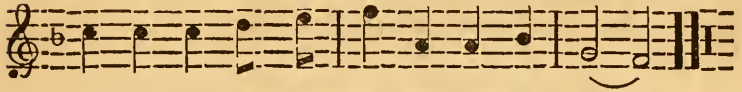


Lark a - rise, By his grateful wishes led, To the



regions of the skies, Songs of thankful praise he

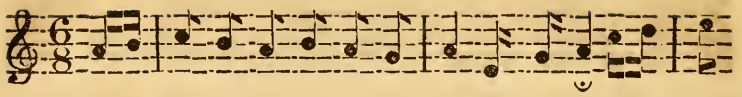


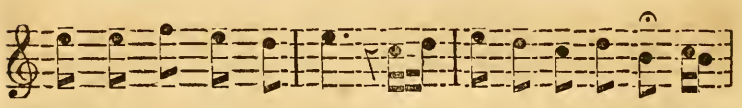
pours, Har-mo-niz-ing airy space: Sings and mounts and

higher soars, Near the throne of heavenly grace.

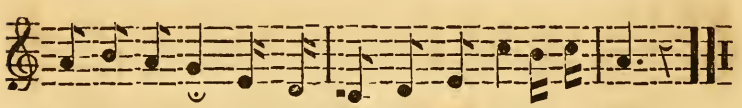
2

Small his gifts compar'd to mine;
Poor my thanks with his compar'd;
I've a soul almost divine:—
With me Angels blessings shar'd.
Wake, my soul, to praise aspire;
Let my waking, morning word,
Join with pure seraphic fire,
In a song to praise the Lord.

AWAKE, LITTLE GIRL.



A - wake, little girl, it is time to arise, Come shake

drowsy sleep from your eye, The lark is now warbling his



notes in the skies, And the sun is far mounted on high.

2

O come, for the fields with gay flow'rs overflow :
The dew-drop is glittering still,
The lowing herds graze in the pastures below,
And the sheep-bell is heard on the hill.

3

O come, for the bee has flown out of his bed,
To begin his day's labour anew ;
The spider is weaving her delicate thread,
Which brilliantly shines in the dew.

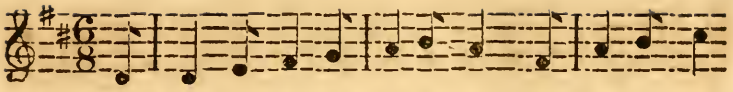
4

O come, for the ant has crept out of her cell,
Her daily employment to seek ;
She knows the true value of moments too well,
To waste them in indolent sleep.

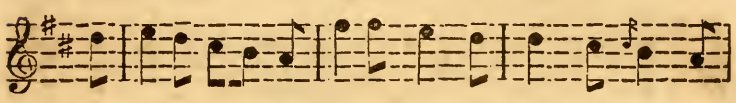
5

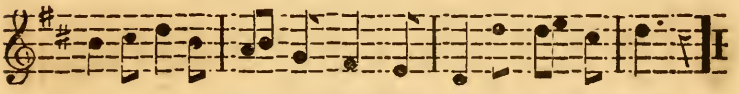
Awake, little sleeper, and do not despise,
Of insects instruction to ask ;
From your pillow with good resolutions arise,
And cheerfully go to your task.

THE SEASONS.



On March the twenty-first is Spring, When little birds



begin to sing; Begin to build, and hatch their brood, And

carefully provide their food. See how the seasons roll.

2

Summer's the twenty-first of June;
The cuckoo changes then his tune;
All nature smiles, the fields look gay;
The weather's fair to make the hay.
See how the seasons roll.

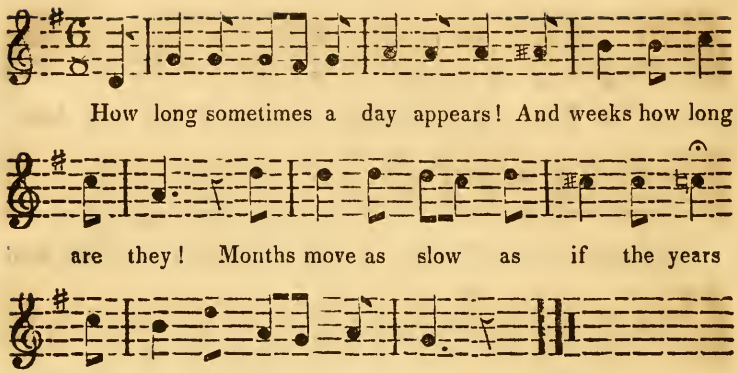
3

September comes: the golden corn
By many busy hands is shorn;
The fruits of Autumn's ample store,
Are gather'd in for rich and poor:
But still the seasons roll.

4

Cold Winter's frost, and northern blast,
The season now I mention last,
The date of which, in truth we must
Fix on December twenty-first:
And thus the seasons roll.

LONG DAYS.



2

It seems a long, long time ago,
That I was taught to read ;
And since I was a babe, I know
'Tis very long indeed.

3

But even years are passing by,
And soon must all be gone ;
For day by day, as minutes fly,
Eternity comes on.

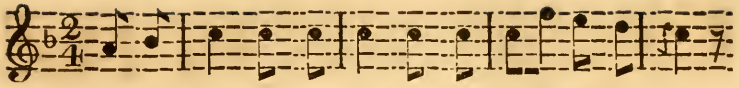
4

Days, months and years must have an end ;
Eternity has none.—
'Twill always have as long to spend,
As when it first begun.

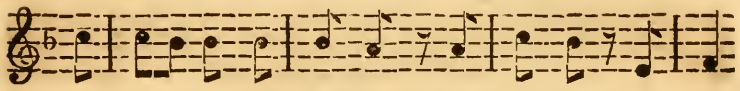
5

Great God ! an infant cannot tell
How such a thing can be.—
I only pray that I may dwell,
That long, long time with thee.

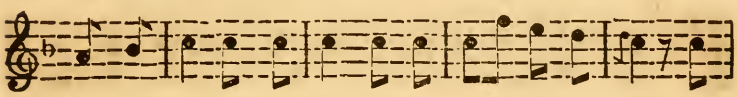
WE WILL RISE.



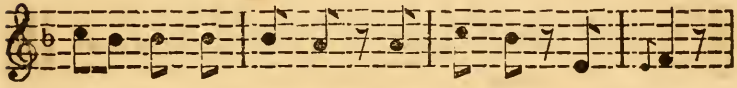
We will rise from our benches, And run out to play;



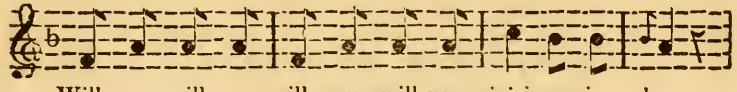
Our lessons are finished, And bright shines the day;



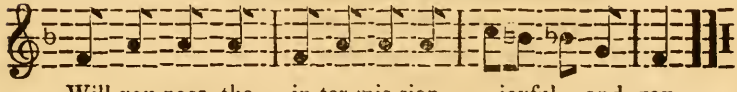
We will play with good feeling and never intrude On



each other's comfort, And never be rude.



Will you, will you, will you, will you join us in play,



Will you pass the in ter-mis-sion joyful and gay.

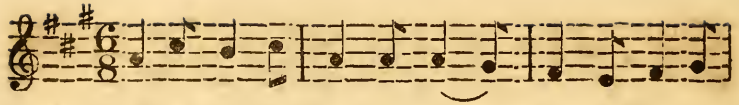
2

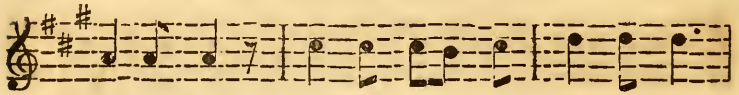
With our spirits enliven'd,—with vigour anew,
We'll come to our school-room, our tasks to pursue;
All our classes arrang'd, and good order restor'd,
We'll seek the sweet pleasure our lessons afford.
Will you, will you, will you, will you mind ev'ry rule?
Will you reap the blessings of our sweet infant-school?

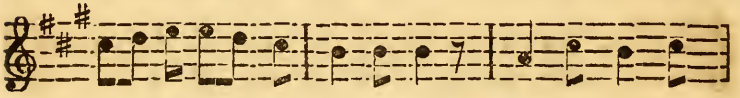
3

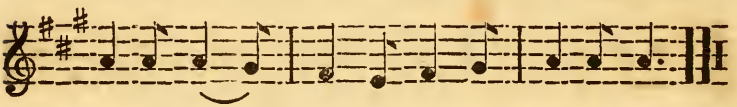
When the school-hours are past to our homes we'll resort,
Renewing there daily, our lessons and sport;
And at night when to slumber we weary repair,
Our last waking moments shall finish in prayer.
Will you, will you, will you, will you join our pursuit,
Gaining from the infant-school the fairest of fruit.

WE WILL MARCH.



We will march and we will sing, This is childhood's

happy spring, Let's be joy - ous while we may,



This is life's first hol - i - day, Let's be joy - ous

while we may, This is life's first hol - i - day.

2

Now's the time for hope and joy,
Before that aught can life alloy ;
Dance and sing, and sportive play,
This is childhood's holiday.
Dance and sing, &c.

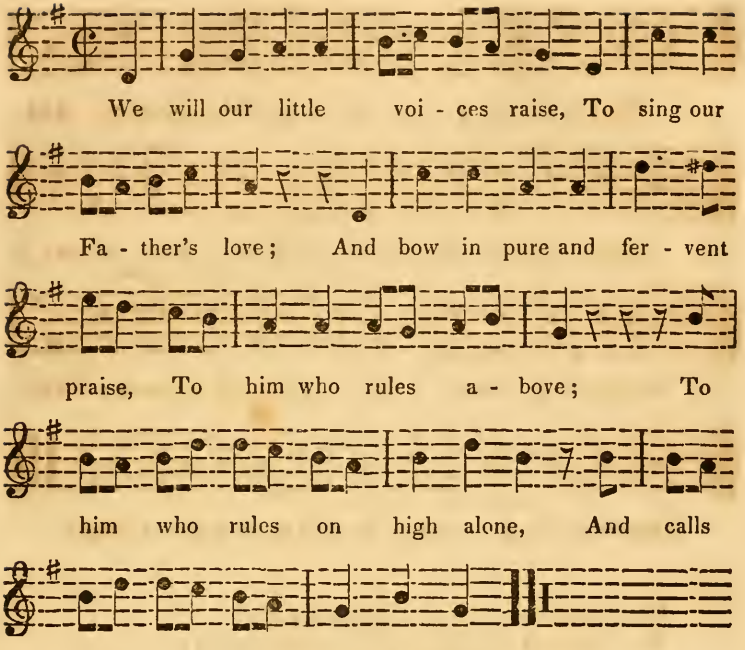
3

Let's join hands and form a ring,
And there in circling movement sing ;
Thus quite happy truly say,
This is infant's holiday.
Thus quite happy, &c.

4

All is joyous ; all is bright ;
And we sport with pure delight ;
Ever active, blithe and gay,
This is nature's holiday.
Ever active, &c.

WE WILL OUR LITTLE VOICES.


We will our little voi - ces raise, To sing our
Fa - ther's love; And bow in pure and fer - vent
praise, To him who rules a - bove; To
him who rules on high alone, And calls
his chil - dren round his throne.

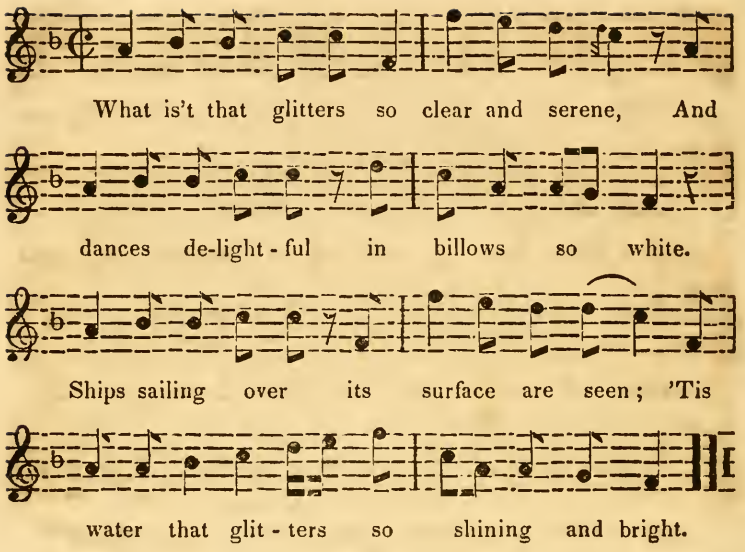
2

We've gather'd here to sing thy name,
And give our hearts to thee;
And may they, warm'd with virtue's flame,
A grateful incense be.
Then while with voice and heart we sing,
Accept the sacrifice we bring.

3

For our kind Saviour in his love
Took children, such as we,
And such, he said, shall dwell above:
Such shall my kingdom be.
Then let us now in early youth,
Kneel at the throne of perfect truth.

WATER.


What is't that glitters so clear and serene, And
dances de-light - ful in billows so white.
Ships sailing over its surface are seen; 'Tis
water that glit - ters so shining and bright.

2

Sea-weeds are winding in cavities wet;
Near them so shining the Pearl-oysters sleep;
Fair shells of yellow, and amber, and jet;
Mingled with coral, grow bright in the deep.

3

Now it comes roaring along from the hill;—
Sparkling and dashing in foam down the steep.
Then in the valley it roars through the mill,
Wand'ring and whirling in many a sweep.

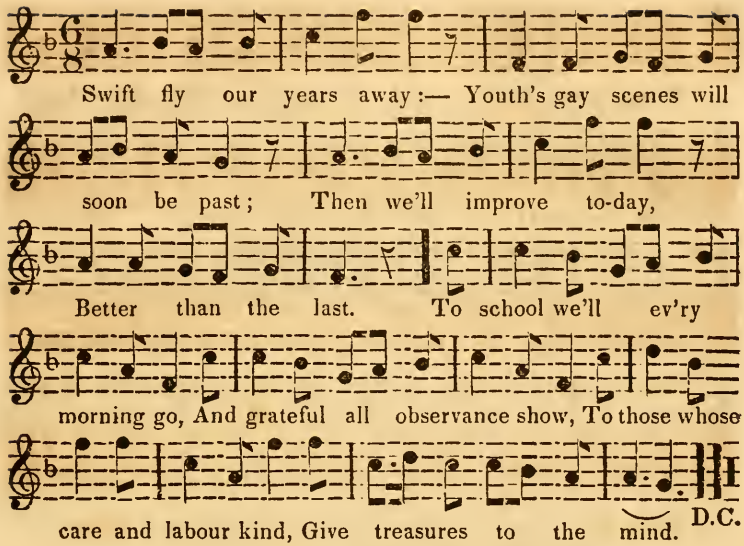
4

Clouds blown about in the chilly blue skies,
Stores of invisible water contain;
White in the snow-flake in winter it flies;
Mild in the summer, in dew-drops and rain.

5

When the bright sunbeams on falling drops shine,
God bends the Rain-bow to brighten the shower;
Brilliant in colours, this beautiful sign,
Tells us the waters shall drown us no more.

SWIFT FLY OUR YEARS AWAY.


Swift fly our years away :— Youth's gay scenes will
soon be past; Then we'll improve to-day,
Better than the last. To school we'll ev'ry
morning go, And grateful all observance show, To those whose
care and labour kind, Give treasures to the mind.
D.C.

2

We'll show no anger, tell no lie,
Nor pass the school-hours idly by ;
For all will love the gentle child,
By falsehood ne'er defil'd.
Swift fly, &c.

3

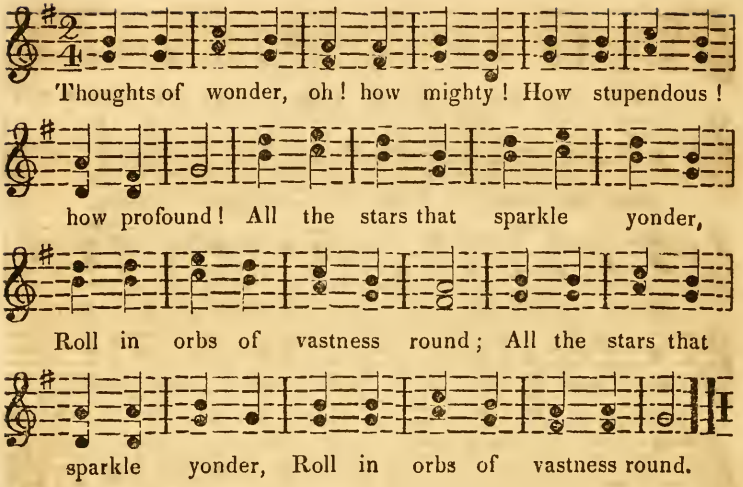
To form our hearts and mental pow'rs,
In school we pass our precious hours,
And when at home, shall parents kind,
Obedient children find.
Swift fly, &c.

4

And oh ! may every infant mind
The blessings of instruction find ;
That wisdom may his thoughts engage,
In manhood's riper age.
Swift fly, &c.

5

Almighty God ! forever guide,
And guard us through all scenes untri'd ;
That when our earthly labours cease,
Our souls may rest in peace.
Swift fly, &c.

THOUGHTS OF WONDER.

Thoughts of wonder, oh! how mighty! How stupendous!
how profound! All the stars that sparkle yonder,
Roll in orbs of vastness round; All the stars that
sparkle yonder, Roll in orbs of vastness round.

2

Thousands through the hours of darkness,
Stud the concave of the sky;
Thousand thousands, hid from science,
Shine unseen by mortal eye.
Thousand thousands, &c.

3

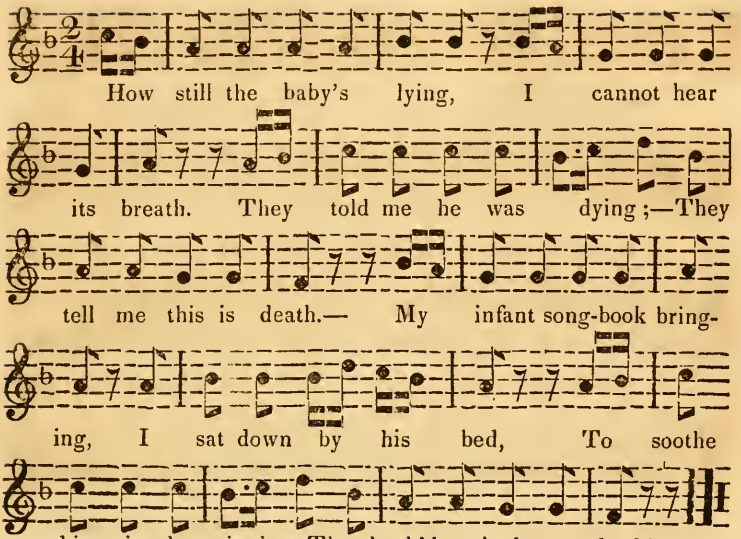
Pause, my thought;—lo! myriad beings,
Move on ev'ry planet here;
All for breath, and life, and guidance,
Leaning on Almighty care.
All for breath, &c.

4

Ev'ry world has hills and vallies,
And his hand form'd ev'ry flow'r,—
Ev'ry golden-winged insect,
Sporting in the fragrant bow'r.
Ev'ry golden, &c.

5

Ev'ry little joy and sorrow,
Ev'ry hope and ev'ry fear,
Follow his supreme direction,
Fully as some mighty sphere.
Follow his, &c.

HOW STILL THE BABY'S LYING.

How still the baby's lying, I cannot hear
its breath. They told me he was dying;—They
tell me this is death.— My infant song-book bring-
ing, I sat down by his bed, To soothe
his pains by singing, They hush'd me!—he was dead!

2

They say that he will, rising,
More beautiful appear,
The story is surprizing!
Explain it,—mother, dear.
Dear daughter, you remember
The cold, dark thing you brought,
One morning in September,—
A wither'd worm, you thought.

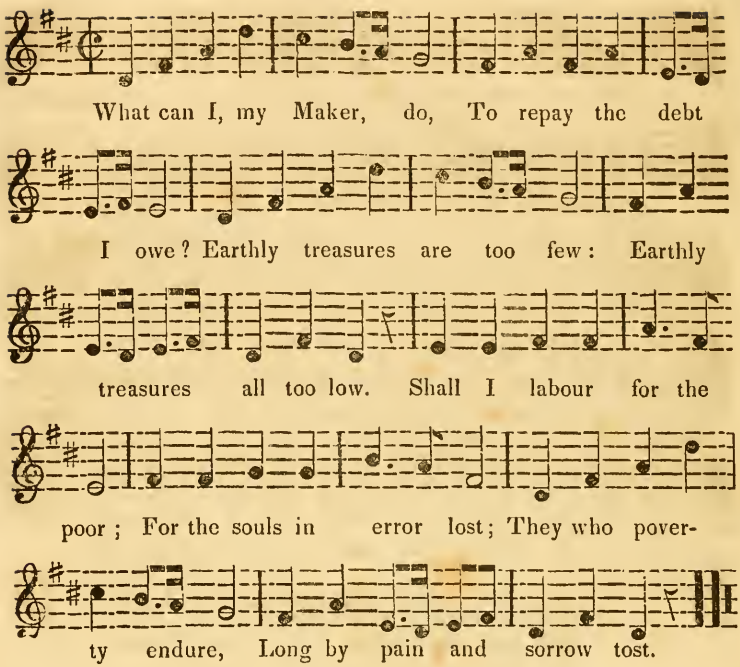
3

I told you God had power,
That wither'd shell to break;
And from it in an hour,
A lovely form to take,
And now, you see before you,
The empty casement lies;
But rob'd in splendour, o'er you,
The new-born being flies.

4

O, yes! mamma, how brightly
It spreads its golden wings,
And flies away so lightly—
The gayest of gay things.
And God can give my brother
An equal pow'r to rise,
From this life to another:
And dwell above the skies.

WHAT CAN I, MY MAKER, DO.


What can I, my Maker, do, To repay the debt
I owe? Earthly treasures are too few: Earthly
treasures all too low. Shall I labour for the
poor; For the souls in error lost; They who pover-
ty endure, Long by pain and sorrow tost.

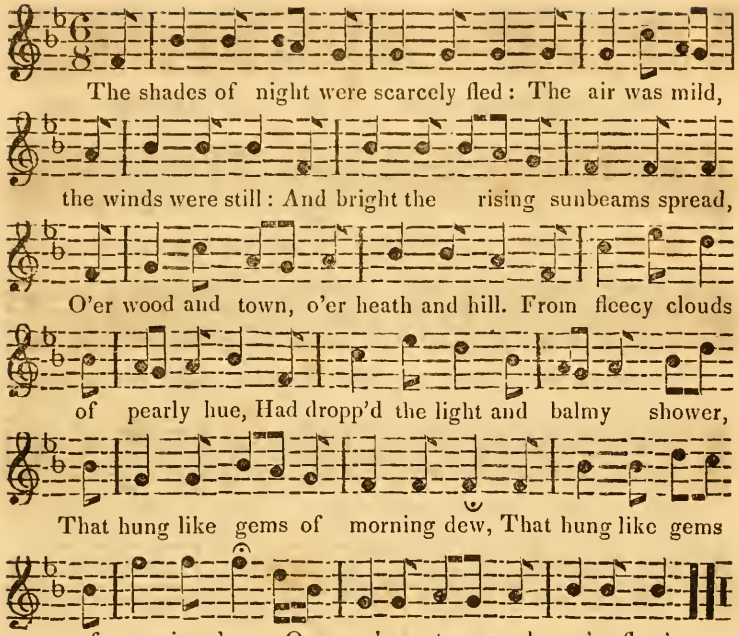
2

Shall I this, my Maker, do,
To repay the debt I owe;
Oh! these deeds are all too few;
And these gifts are all too low.
Shall each talent thou hast giv'n,
Wholly consecrated be:
And like incense rise to heav'n,
Offer'd gratefully to thee.

3

Vain to pay this debt I owe,
All the service I can do;
Earthly deeds are all too low;
Earthly years are all too few.
Faint is all the praise I breathe,
Here thy mercies to repay;
But I pray thee to receive,
All my feeble lips can say.

THE BUTTERFLY.


The shades of night were scarcely fled: The air was mild,
the winds were still: And bright the rising sunbeams spread,
O'er wood and town, o'er heath and hill. From fleecy clouds
of pearly hue, Had dropp'd the light and balmy shower,
That hung like gems of morning dew, That hung like gems
of morning dew,—On ev'ry tree and ev'ry flow'r.

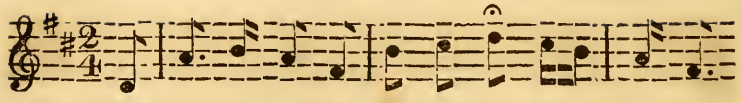
2

When bursting forth to life and light,
The offspring of enraptur'd May;
A butterfly, on pinions bright,
Launch'd in full splendour on the day.
Her slender form, etherial, light,
Her velvet-textur'd wings unfold;
With all the rain-bow colours bright,
And dropp'd in spots with burnish'd gold.

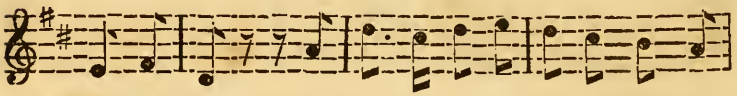
3

She balanc'd oft those broider'd wings,
Through fields of air prepar'd to sail;
Then on her vent'rous journey springs,—
And floats along the rising gale.
Go, child of pleasure, range the fields;
Taste all the joy that spring can give,
Partake what bounteous summer yields;
And live, while yet 'tis thine to live.

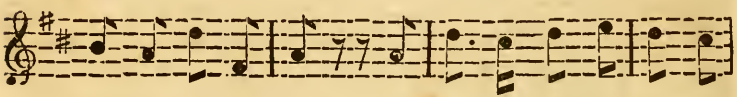
THOUGH GOD PRESERVES ME.



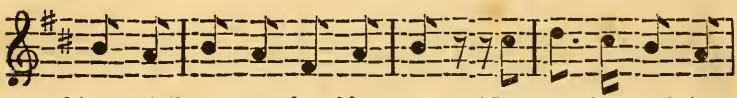
Though God preserves me ev'ry hour, And feeds me



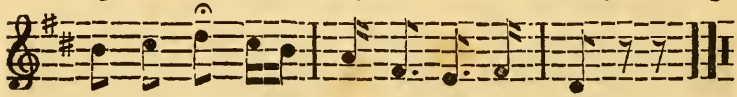
ev'ry day, I feel it is not in my pow'r, His



goodness to repay. The youngest child, the greatest



king, Alike must humbly own, No worthy off'ring



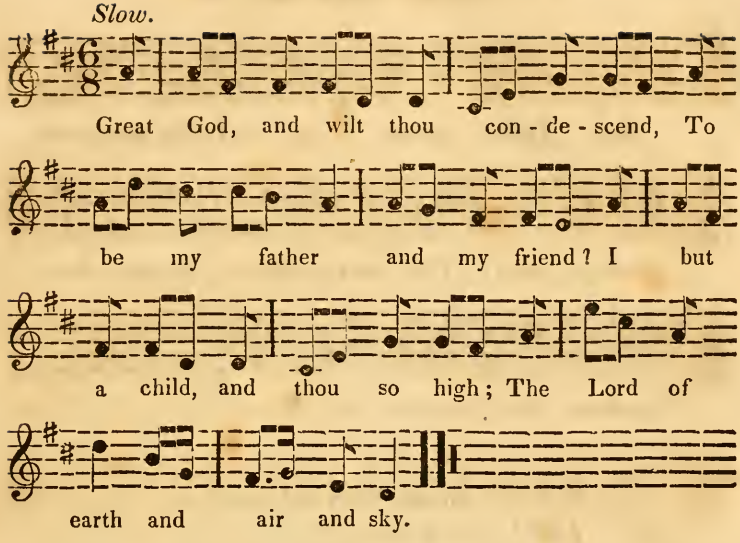
they can bring, To lay before his throne.

2

For we, and all we offer, too,
Are His, who rules above;
Then is there nothing I can do,
To prove my grateful love?
An humble heart he'll not despise,
For 'tis his chief delight;
This is a holy sacrifice,
Well pleasing to his sight.

3

The richest gifts before his throne,
Would no acceptance find;
But he will kindly deign to own
A meek and humble mind.
This is an off'ring we may bring,
However mean our store,
The youngest child, the greatest King,
Can give him nothing more.

GOD, MY FATHER.

Slow.
Great God, and wilt thou con - de - scend, To
be my father and my friend? I but
a child, and thou so high; The Lord of
earth and air and sky.

2

Art thou my Father? Let me be
A meek, obedient child to thee;
And try in ev'ry deed and thought,
To serve and please thee, as I ought.

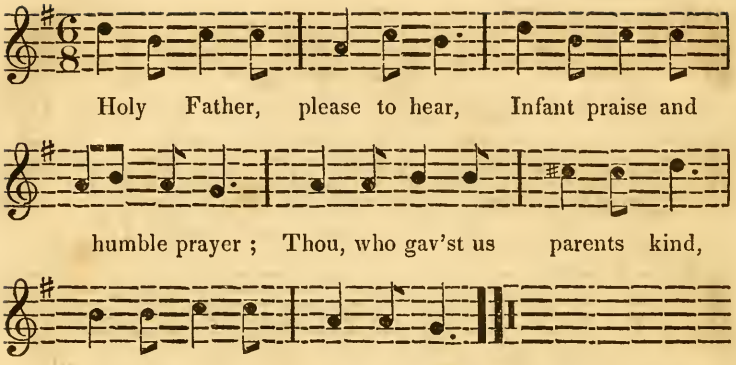
3

Art thou my Father? I'll depend
Upon the care of such a friend;
And only wish to do, and be,
Whatever seemeth good to thee.

4

Art thou my Father? Then at last,
When all my days on earth are past,
Send down and take me, in thy love,
To be thy better child above.

HOLY FATHER.



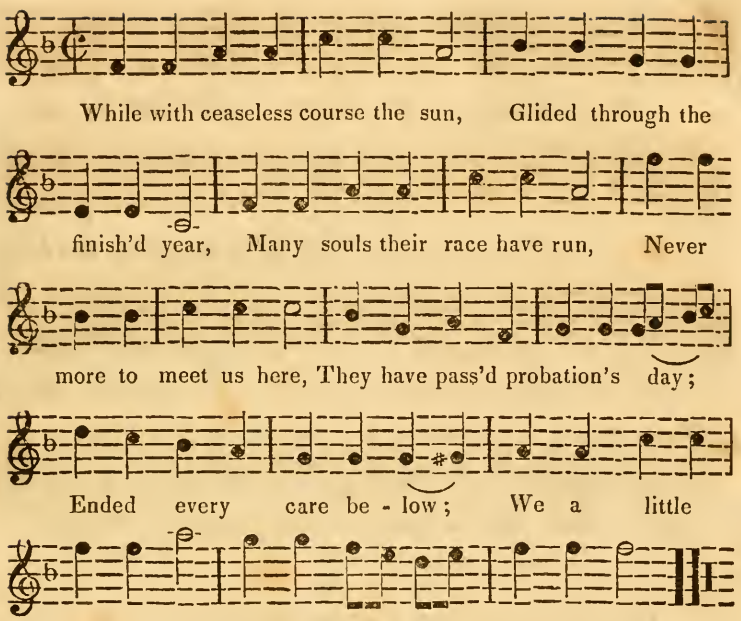
2

Food and raiment, home and friends ;
All we have thy goodness sends.
And for these our hearts shall raise,
Grateful thanks and humble praise.

3

Guide our lives in grace and truth,
Through the tempting scenes of youth.
And when here our trials cease,
O, receive our souls in peace.

WHILE WITH CEASELESS.


While with ceaseless course the sun, Glided through the
finish'd year, Many souls their race have run, Never
more to meet us here, They have pass'd probation's day;
Ended every care be - low; We a little
longer stay:—But how lit - tle none can know.

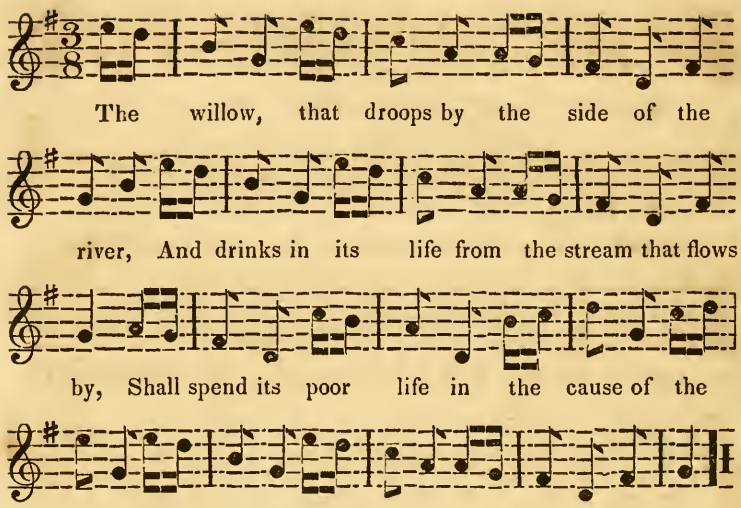
2

As the winged arrow flies,
Quick, the destined mark to find;
As the lightning, from the skies,
Darts, and leaves no trace behind;
So our brief and transient days
Bear us down life's rapid stream;
Upward, Lord, our spirits raise:—
All below is but a dream.

3

Thanks, for mercies past, receive;
Pardon for our sins renew;
Teach us by thy grace to live,
With eternity in view.
Bless thy word to young and old:
Grant us, Lord, thy peace and love;
And when life's short tale is told,
Take us to thy bliss above.

THE WILLOW.

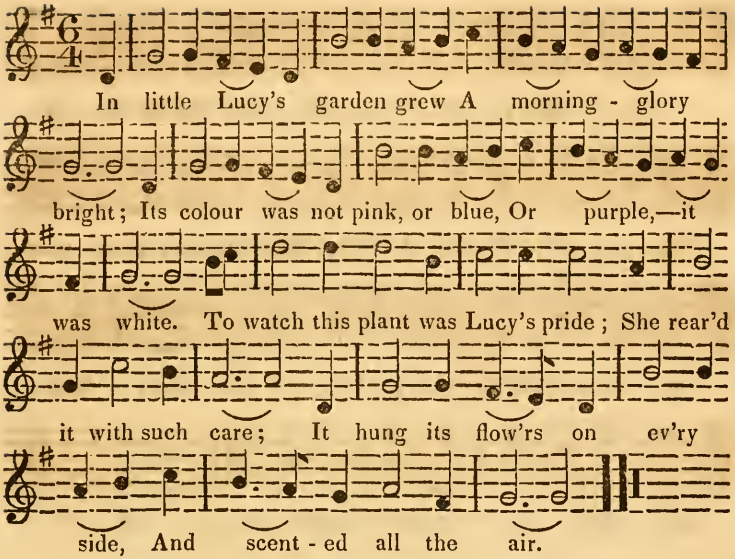

The willow, that droops by the side of the
river, And drinks in its life from the stream that flows
by, Shall spend its poor life in the cause of the
giver; And shadow the stream from the heat of the sky.

2

Great God, my Creator, I humbly adore thee;
For Thou art this life-giving fountain to me.
All weakness myself, and a suppliant before thee,
I cannot return this protection to thee.

3

In sadness, or poverty, sickness or danger,
I'll succour each suffering child that I see;
The aid thus bestow'd in this world on a stranger,
One day thou wilt say was bestow'd upon thee.

THE MORNING GLORY.

In little Lucy's garden grew A morning - glory
bright; Its colour was not pink, or blue, Or purple,—it
was white. To watch this plant was Lucy's pride; She rear'd
it with such care; It hung its flow'rs on ev'ry
side, And scent - ed all the air.

2

"Alas! alas! my heart it grieves,"
Once little Lucy said,
"That when the sun has kiss'd its leaves,
"My flower should seem to fade!
"I find it every morning bright;
"The bees around it play;
"But long before the fall of night,
"Its bloom has passed away!

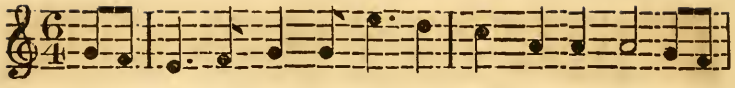
3

"Good *resolutions* thus I make,
"And think they are sincere;
"Before the night I many break,—
"So droops my flow'ret here!"
My child, some months have pass'd away
And others may not come;
Plant in your *heart* a flower this day,
That shall forever bloom.

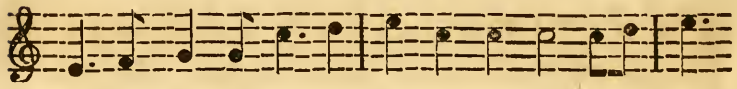
4

Plant the good resolution there,
Each moment to improve!
And so reward your parents' care,
Their kindness and their love.
Plant it,—and never let it be
Like Lucy's fading flower;
But rather like the sturdy tree,
Gain strength with every hour.

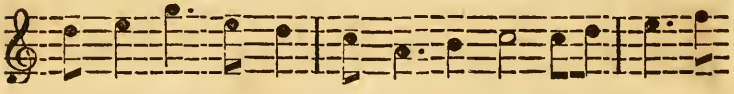
AWAY, PRETTY ROBIN.



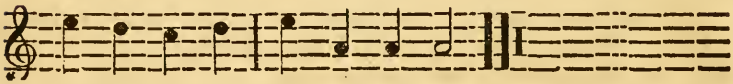
A - way, pretty Robin, fly home to your nest, To



make you my captive, I still should like best; Your eyes



are so sparkling, your feathers so soft, Your little



wings flutter so pretty aloft.

2

But thus 'twould be cruel to keep you, I know;
So stretch out your wings, little Robin, and go,
Go, listen again to the notes of your mate,
And enjoy the green shade in your lonely retreat.

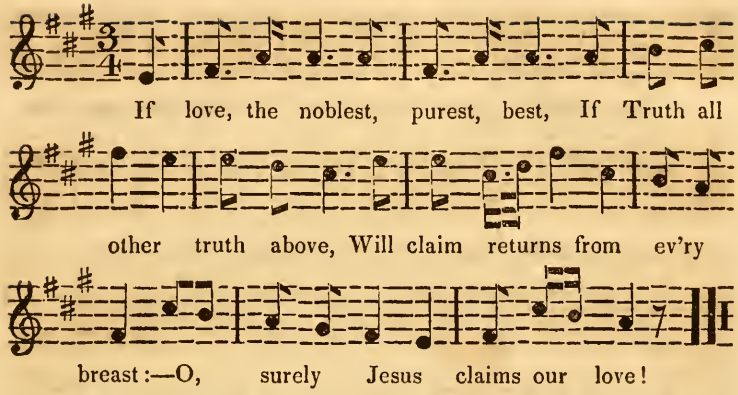
3

But when the leaves fall, and the winter winds blow,
And the green fields are cover'd all over with snow;
When the springs are all ice, and the rivulets freeze,
And the long shining icicles drop from the trees;

4

When with cold and with hunger quite perish'd and weak,
Come tap at my window again with your beak;
You shall fly to my bosom, or perch on my thumbs,
Or hop round the table and pick up the crumbs.

LOVE TO JESUS.


If love, the noblest, purest, best, If Truth all
other truth above, Will claim returns from ev'ry
breast:—O, surely Jesus claims our love!

2

There's not a hope, with comfort fraught,
Triumphant over death and time,
But Jesus mingles in that thought;
Fore-runner of our course sublime.

3

His image meets me in the hour,
Of joy, and brightens every smile;
I see him when the tempests lower,
Each terror soothe, each grief beguile.

4

I see his pitying, gentle eye,
When lonely want appeals for aid;
I hear him in the frequent sigh,
That mourns the waste which sin has made.

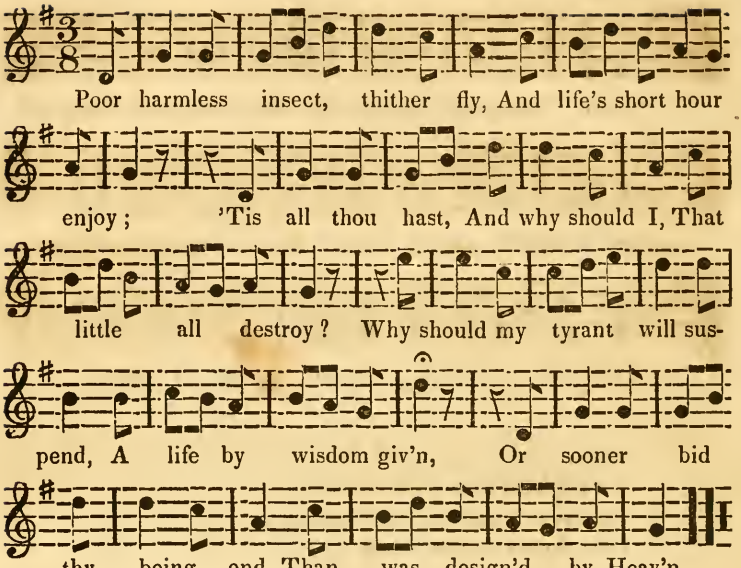
5

I meet him at the lowly tomb;
I weep where Jesus wept before;
And there above the grave's dark gloom,
I see him rise, and weep no more.

6

Then ask me not to live, and be
A stranger to that generous flame,
Which warms, and to eternity,
Must warm my soul at Jesus' name.

POOR HARMLESS INSECT.


Poor harmless insect, thither fly, And life's short hour
enjoy; 'Tis all thou hast, And why should I, That
little all destroy? Why should my tyrant will sus-
pend, A life by wisdom giv'n, Or sooner bid
thy being end, Than was design'd by Heav'n.

3

Lost to the joy which reason knows,
Ephemeral and frail,
'Tis thine to wander where the rose
Perfumes the cooling gale.

4

To bask upon the sunny bed,
The damask flow'r to kiss,
To range along the bending shade,
Is all thy little bliss.

5

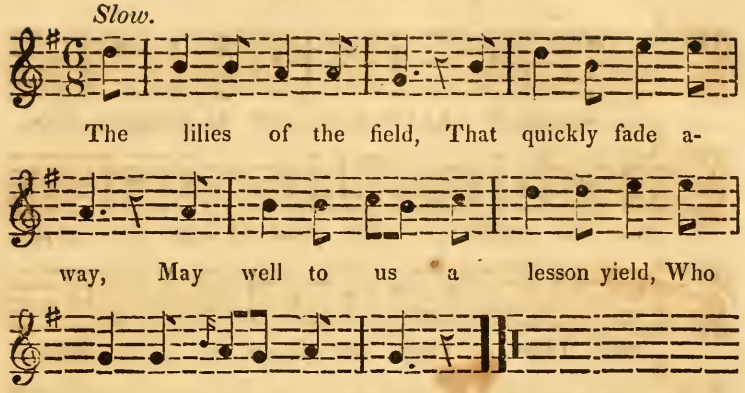
Then flutter still thy silken wings,
In rich embroid'ry drest,
And sport upon the gale that flings
Sweet odours from his vest.

6

All living creatures have their use,
Whether they crawl or fly,
And God who made them, best can tell
When 'tis their time to die.

THE LILIES OF THE FIELD.

Slow.



2

That pretty blossom see,
Decaying on the walk ;
A storm came sweeping o'er the tree,
And broke its feeble stalk.

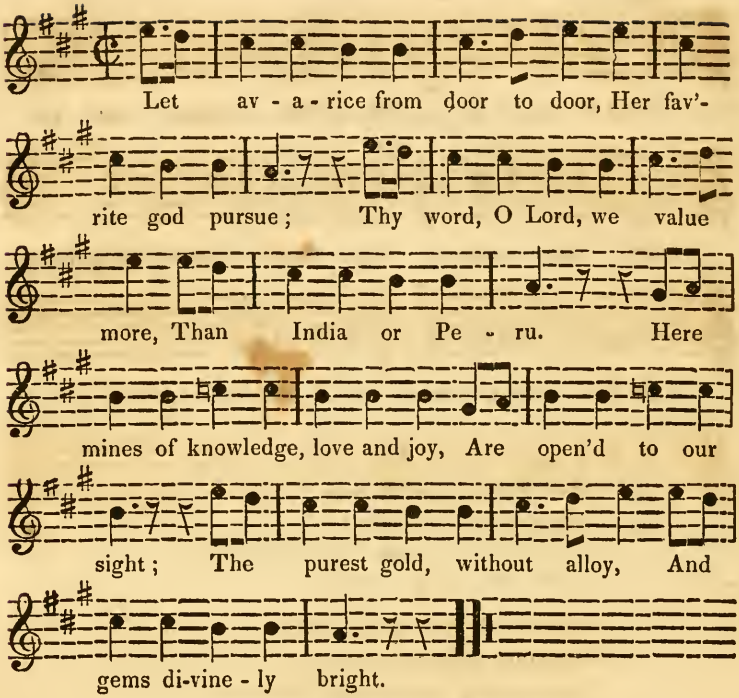
3

Just like an early rose,
I've seen an infant bloom ;
But death, perhaps, before it grows
Will lay it in the tomb.

4

Then let us think on death,
Though we are young and gay ;
For God, who gave us life and breath,
Can take them soon away.

TRUE RICHES.


Let av - a - rice from door to door, Her fav'-
rite god pursue; Thy word, O Lord, we value
more, Than India or Pe - ru. Here
mines of knowledge, love and joy, Are open'd to our
sight; The purest gold, without alloy, And
gems di-vine - ly bright.

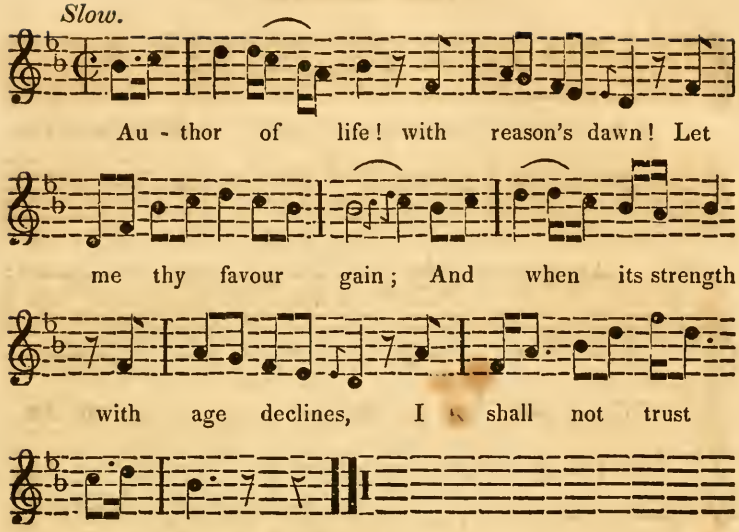
2

The counsels of redeeming grace,
These sacred leaves unfold;
And here the Saviour's lovely face,
Our raptur'd eyes behold.
Here light descending from above,
Directs our doubtful feet;
Here promises of heavenly love,
Our ardent wishes meet.

3

Our num'rous griefs are here redress'd,
And all our wants supplied;
Nought we can ask, to make us blest,
Is in this book denied.
For these inestimable gains,
That so enrich the mind;—
O! may we search with eager pains,
Assur'd that we shall find.

AUTHOR OF LIFE.


Slow.
Au - thor of life! with reason's dawn! Let
me thy favour gain; And when its strength
with age declines, I shall not trust
in vain.

2

Childhood devoted to the Lord,
Is pleasing to his eyes;
A flow'r that's offer'd in the bud,
Is no vain sacrifice.

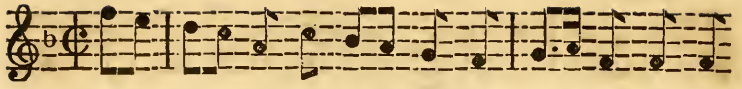
3

'Twill save us from unnumber'd ills,
To seek religion young;
Grace will preserve succeeding years,
And make our virtue strong.

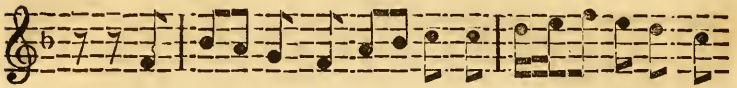
4

God, let me in remembrance bear,
For him each hour employ!
And make my Maker, whose I am,
My early trust and joy.

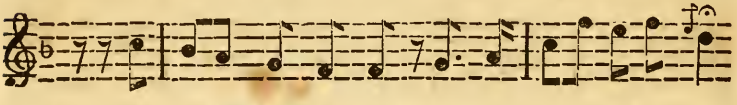
THE SPIDER.



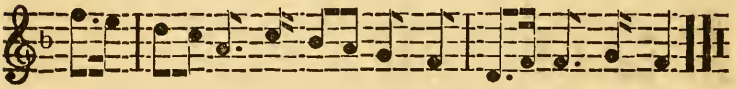
"O look at that great ugly spider," said Ann,



And screaming she knock'd it a - way with her fan;



"'Tis a great ug - ly creature as ev - er can be,



I wish that it would not come crawling on me."

2

"Indeed," said her mother, "I'll venture to say,
'Twill take care next time not to come in your way;
For after the fright, and the fall, and the pain,
I'm sure it has much the most cause to complain.

3

"For *them* to fear *us*, is but natural and just,
Who in less than a moment could crush them to dust;
But certainly we have no cause for alarm,
For if they should try, they could do us no harm.

4

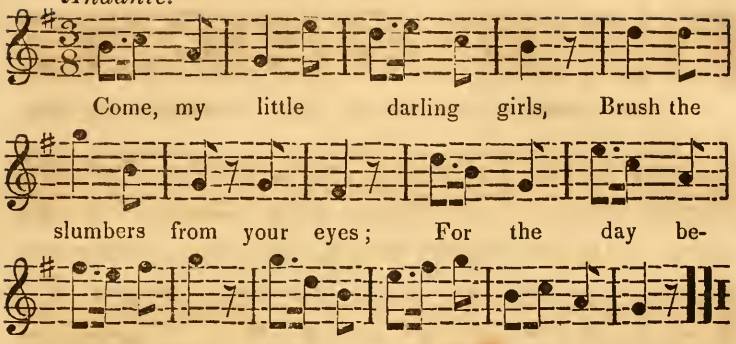
"Now look—it has gone to its home, do you see?
What a fine curious web it has wove in the tree!
Now this, my dear Ann, is a lesson to you,
Only see what industry and patience can do.

5

"So, when at your bus'ness you idle and play,
Recollect what you've seen of this insect to-day,
For fear it should ever be found to be true,
That a poor little spider is better than you."

BRUSH THE SLUMBERS.

Andante.



2

Plentiful has been your sleep,
For the winter nights are long;
Not a single bird will come,
Cheering you with merry song.

3

Faded are the garden flow'rs,
Fruit is gone, and trees are bare;
Grassy banks are hid in snow—
Piercing is the frosty air.

4

Many a tender mother now,
While her helpless infant brood
Hover round a scanty fire,
Weeps to hear them cry for food.

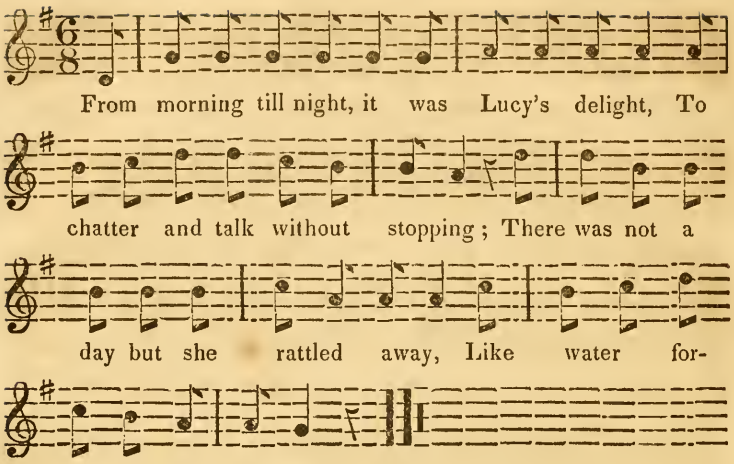
5

You, my babes, are not expos'd
To the rigours of the year;
For you now your breakfast waits,
And a fire is blazing clear.

6

Children, fall upon your knees;
Lift your thankful hearts to heav'n;
Bless that God, whose wond'rous love,
Has to you such blessings giv'n.

CHATTERBOX.


From morning till night, it was Lucy's delight, To
chatter and talk without stopping; There was not a
day but she rattled away, Like water for-
ever a dropping.

2

As soon as she rose, while she put on her clothes,
'Twas vain to endeavour to still her;
Nor once did she lack, to continue her clack,
Till again she laid down on her pillow.

3

You'll think now, perhaps, that there would have been gaps,
Had she not been wonderful clever;
That her sense must be great and quite witty her pate,
If it would be forthcoming forever;

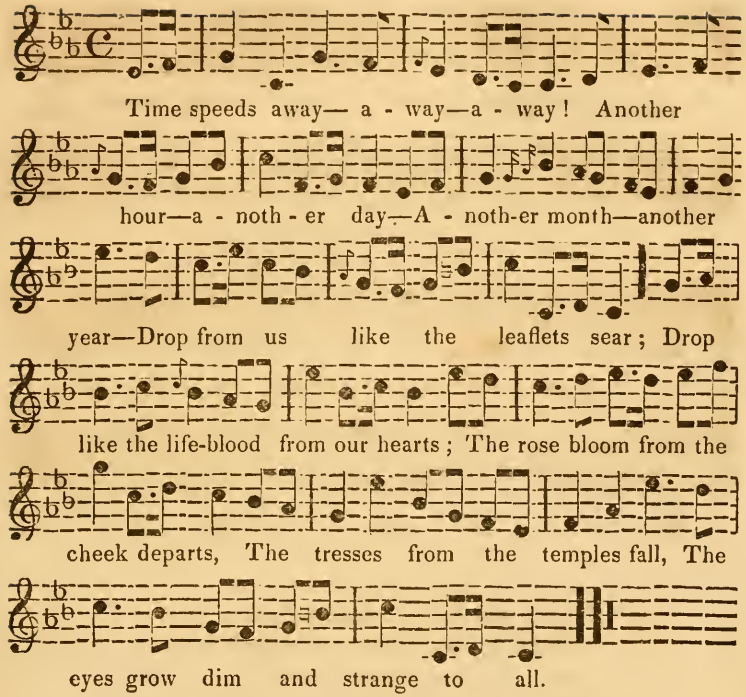
4

But that's quite absurd, for have you not heard,
"Much tongue, and few brains, are connected?"
That they are suppos'd, to think least who talk most,
And their wisdom is always suspected?

5

While Lucy was young, if she'd bridled her tongue,
With a little good sense and exertion;
Who knows but she might now have been our delight,
Instead of our jest and aversion?

TIME SPEEDS AWAY.


Time speeds away— a - way—a - way! Another
hour—a - noth - er day—A - noth-er month—another
year—Drop from us like the leaflets sear; Drop
like the life-blood from our hearts; The rose bloom from the
cheek departs, The tresses from the temples fall, The
eyes grow dim and strange to all.

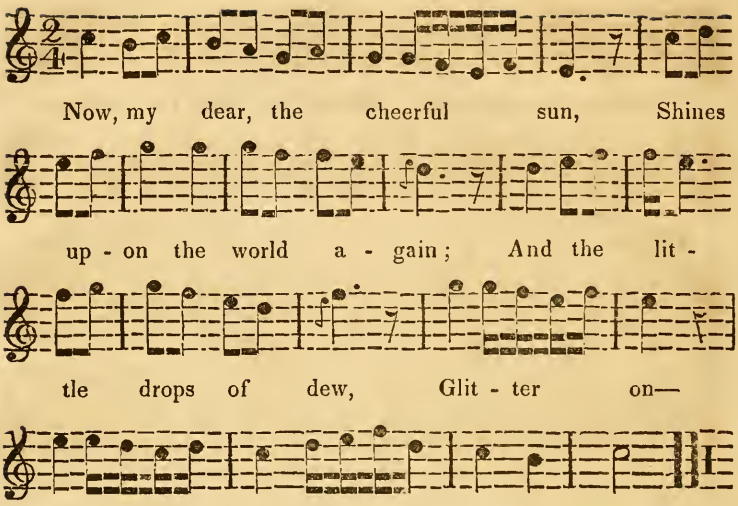
2

Time speeds away—away—away,
Like torrent in a stormy day;
He undermines the stately tower,
Uproots the tree, and snaps the flower;
And sweeps from our distracted breast
The friends that loved—the friends that bless'd;
And leaves us weeping on the shore,
To which they can return no more.

3

Time speeds away—away—away;
No eagle through the skies of day,
No wind along the hills can flee
So swiftly or so smooth as he.
Like fiery steed—from stage to stage,
He bears us on—from youth to age;
Then plunges in the fearful sea,
Of fathomless Eternity,

NOW, MY DEAR.


Now, my dear, the cheerful sun, Shines
up - on the world a - gain; And the lit -
tle drops of dew, Glit - ter on—
Glit - ter on the grassy plain.

2

While you slept, no raging flame,
Caught the house, and seiz'd your bed;
And no frightful robbers hand,
Laid you with the murder'd dead.

3

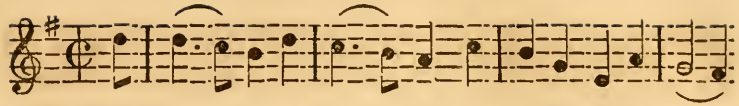
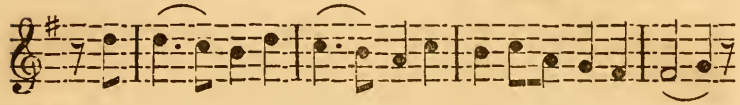
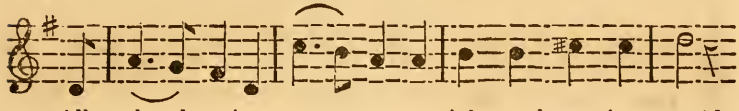
Soft and quiet was your rest:—
Pain and sickness kept away;
And the peaceful hours roll'd on,
Smiling to another day.

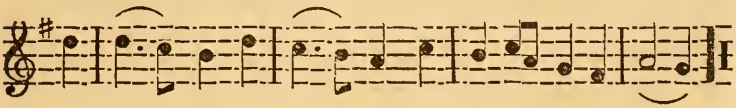
4

God protected you, my child:—
Nothing could your life destroy:
For the eye that never sleeps,
Kindly watch'd my slumb'ring boy.

5

Go, and on thy bended knee,
Pour the humble, filial prayer,
Lift your little heart in praise;
Thank Him for his guardian care.

CHARITY HYMN.





2

All friendless and humble, so lowly and so poor,
O look with compassion, in pity we implore,
Forsaken, deserted ; O listen to our voice ;
And give us your charity, and make our hearts rejoice.

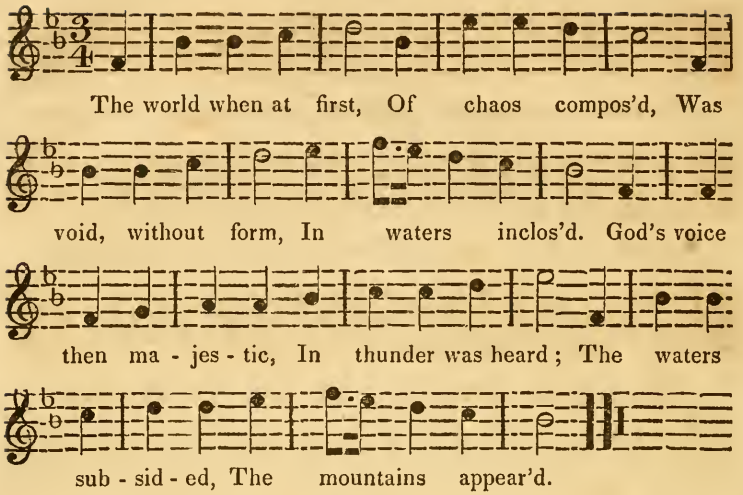
3

The father of mercies, the bounteous source of love,
On all pours his blessings, abounding from above.
The lilies and sparrows have his protecting care ;
Then may he in mercy, now hearken to our prayer.

4

O look, with kind favour, on those whose pitying care,
Shall save little children, from hunger and despair ;
O grant them exemption from sins avenging rod ;
And be thou their Father, their Saviour, and their God.

THE WORLD WHEN AT FIRST.


The world when at first, Of chaos compos'd, Was
void, without form, In waters inclos'd. God's voice
then ma - jes - tic, In thunder was heard; The waters
sub - sid - ed, The mountains appear'd.

2

Be earth now adorn'd :
The fiat was giv'n ;
The herbage sprang forth,
Bright lights were in heav'n ;
The sun shone in splendour,
The stars gave their light,
The moon shed her radiance
In silver beams bright.

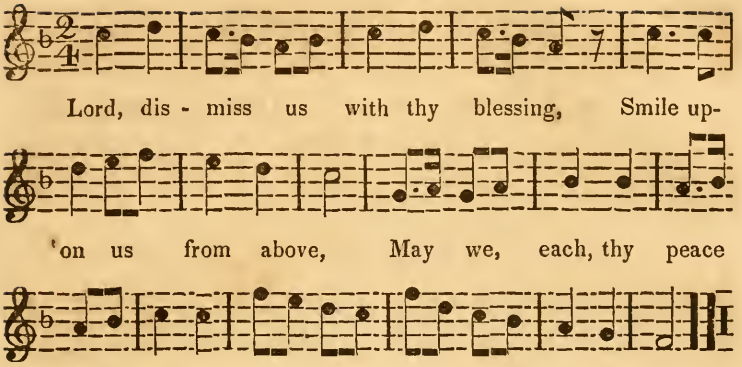
3

God peopled the sea,
The air, and the earth ;
Then in his own image,
To man he gave birth.
To him thus created,
Immortal his soul,
He gave o'er all creatures
In life a controul.

4

Bless God ev'ry one,
Rejoice in his name ;
And let your glad voice
His goodness proclaim.
Surpassing in honour,
Dominion, and might,
His throne is the heavens,
His countenance light.

LORD, DISMISS US.



2

Bless, O Lord! our fathers, mothers;
Send our teachers light from heav'n;
Bless our sisters, and our brothers;
Let thy grace to each be giv'n.

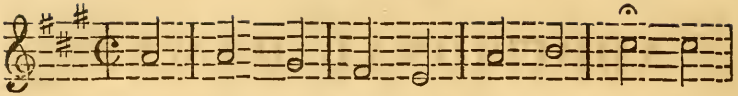
3

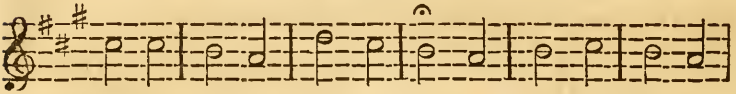
Keep us through this night, from sorrow,
Give us slumbers, soft and sweet,
Grant us health, that we to-morrow,
In sweet infant-school may meet.

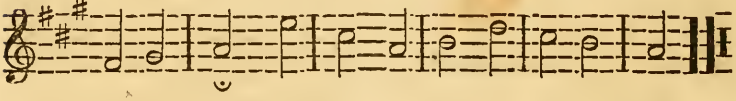
4

Make us gentle, kind, and lowly;
Teach us, Father, by thy word,
How we may be good and holy,
Like to Jesus Christ our Lord.

DOXOLOGY.







2

Eternal are thy mercies, Lord,
Eternal truth attends thy word ;
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

ANOTHER.

1

By Jesus' pure example taught,
May we be led in serious thought,
O Lord, in early life to see,
And seek, our happiness in Thee.

2

May our young minds and mem'ries be,
Here trained to early piety ;
And may our hearts through all our days,
Be thus devoted to thy praise.

ADDITIONAL HYMNS.

The number over each of the succeeding hymns refers to the page which contains the air to which the words are adapted.

6.

1

Come and sing,
Form a ring;
All your cheerful voices bring.
By and by
We will try,
Showing reasons why
We so dearly love our school,
And its very pleasant rule.
While we play
Let us say
Lessons every day.

2

We shall find,
That to mind,
Teachers, ever good and kind,
Is the way
That we may
Happy pass the day.
If we would be very good,
As we all forever should,
While we play
Let us say
Lessons every day.

3

A, E, I,
O, U, Y.
We have learn'd the reason why,
Have a tone
All alone;
Consonants have none.
Here we study many things;
Every one true pleasure brings.
While we play
Let us say
Lessons every day.

7.

1

Oh condescend, Almighty King,
To bless this little throng;
And kindly listen while we sing
Our pleasant evening song.

We come to own thy power divine,
That watches o'er our days;
For this our feeble voices join
In hymns of cheerful praise.

2

Before the sacred footstool, see,
We bend in humble prayer;
A happy little family,
To ask thy tender care.
May we in safety sleep to-night,
From every danger free;
We know the darkness and the light
Are both alike to thee.

3

And when the rising sun displays,
His cheerful beams abroad;
Then may our morning hymn of praise
Declare thy goodness, Lord.
Brothers and sisters, hand in hand,
Our lips together move;
Then smile upon this little band,
And join our hearts in love.

8.

1

Suns, planets,—ev'ry orb,
Declare thy name, who shin'st forever;
Time wears them; age absorbs.
They'll die;—but God will—never.
Wealth, beauty, pride and power;
The tie which only death could sever;
Each earthly fruit and flower,
Will fade;—but He will never.

2

Fair fields of nature's reign,
With sunny landscapes smiling ever;
Bright moon, and starry train
Will fail;—but Thou wilt never.
All fail from earth and sea;
The oceans fail, and mountains sever;
E'en time shall cease to be;
But God remains forever.

9.

1

The last sun of summer
Had sunk in the west;
In beauty resplendent,
The fair scene had drest.
When thoughtful I wandered,
To view all alone,
The gleams from the water,
That brilliantly shone.

2

I gazed on its splendour,
Reflecting the sky;
Its visions of brightness
Were drawn from on high.
My mind all enraptured,
Was swift borne along,
To mingle with spirits,
A glorious throng.

3

The clouds seemed as angels,
To whom it was giv'n,
To point the pure minded
From earth up to heav'n;
To guide, e'en the thoughtless,
To brightness above;
Where, beaming with glory,
Dwell spirits in love.

4

These bright hues of evening,
When stealing from sight,
To hope seemed revealing,
Scenes lovely and bright.
They paint the last sunset,
When life rightly spent,
Shall give back to heav'n
The being it lent.

10.

1

He that in venturous barks hath been,
A wanderer on the deep,
Can tell of many an awful scene,
Where storms forever sweep.
For many a fair majestic sight
Hath met his wandering eye,
Beneath the streaming northern light,
Or blaze of Indian sky.

2

Go, ask him of the whirlpool's roar,
Whose echoing thunder peals
Loud, as if rush'd along the shore
An army's chariot wheels.
Of coral rocks, from waves below,
In steep ascent that tower,
And fraught with peril daily grow,
By insects' forming power.

3

Of sea-fires, which at dead of night
Shine o'er the tides afar,
And make the expanse of ocean bright
As heaven with many a star.
Oh God! thy name they well may praise,
Who to the deep go down,
And trace the wonders of thy ways,
Where rocks and billows frown.

4

If glorious be that awful deep,
No human power can bind,
What then art Thou, who did'st it keep,
Within its bounds confined!
Let heaven and earth in peace unite,—
Eternal praise to Thee,
Whose word can rouse the tempest's might,
Or still the raging sea.

11.

1

The bright blue sky's above us;
The verdant earth beneath;
With the dear friends who love us,
'Tis joy alone to breathe.
The healthful air's around us;
Bright spring the fragrant flowers;
And living forms surround us,
To bless the sunny hours.

2

How clear the calm sun shining,
How light the clouds flit by,
And then, at day's declining,
The stars light up the sky.
We gaze upon the brightness,
And beauty, that we see,
Our glad hearts dance in lightness,
Our bounding steps are free.

3

But do we think so often,
Who made both light and storm,
Our hearts with love to soften,—
With gratitude to warm.
O let us now, and ever,
Raise thoughts of grateful prayer;
And ask that we may never
Forget God's love and care.

12.

1

High the rising moon is soaring,
Sending down her chastened light,
While the cataract is pouring
All her waters, foamy white.
Wonder stealing o'er the feeling
Brings a terrified delight.

2

Now the misty spray ascending,
Spreads the vapour all around;
While the lunar bow is bending
O'er the wild, enchanted ground.
Scene amazing! on thee gazing,
We are filled with awe profound.

3

O'er the dark blue heavens are stealing
Fleecy clouds in rapid flight,
Veiling now—and now revealing
All the brilliant stars of night.
Blest forever be the giver
Of this thought inspiring sight.

4

Thou, who formed these views surprising,
Teach us here thy hand to see.
May our mind in transport rising
Through these wonders, rest with Thee.
There before Thee—to adore Thee,
May our blissful portion be.

13.

1

See the leaves around you falling,
Dry and withered—to the ground;
Thus to thoughtless mortals calling,
In a sad and solemn sound;
Sons of Adam! when in Eden,
You like us, once blighted fell;
Hear the lesson we are reading;
And believe the truth we tell.

2

Yearly in our course returning;
Messengers of shortest stay;
Our example gives the warning;
All things here must pass away.
On the tree of life eternal,
Let all human hopes be staid,
Which alone, forever vernal,
Bears the leaves that never fade.

14.

1

The pleasant spring has come again,
The pretty birds are here,
The grass grows in the gentle rain,
And buds and flowers appear.
I love to see the sky so clear,
And all things look so gay;
The fairest month in all the year
Is sweet and sunny May.
Fresh odours breathe from blooming trees,
And all sweet incense bring,
Let me enjoy and well employ
Fair May, and grateful sing.

2

And well I know, the cold deep snow,
And winter storms are past;
And merry now to school I'll go,
Nor fear the chilling blast.
I love the sun, the gentle wind,
And flower, and bird, and bud;
And well I love my teacher kind;
But best I love my God.
Fresh odours breathe from blooming trees, &c.

15.

1

Humble praises, holy Jesus,
Infant voices raise to Thee,
In thy arms wilt thou receive us;
Suffer us thy lambs to be.

2

Blessed Jesus, thou hast bidden
Babes like us to come to Thee;
Though by thy disciples chidden,
Thou didst bless such ones as we.

3

Thanks to Thee, who freely gave us;
Thy exalted Son to die,—
From eternal death to save us,
Glory be to God on high.

16.

1

See, the rain is soft descending,
On the earth in gentle showers,

See the leafy buds distending ;
Soon will bloom the early flowers.
Now the sun, his rays revealing,
Paints the earth with brightest green ;
Sweets from bursting buds are stealing,
Which with fragrant beauties teem.

2

Emblems bright, of life's first springing,
When dear friends around us live ;
All in fondness, kindly bringing
Sweet instruction,—us to give.
First the infant germs disclosing,
'Neath our mother's tender care,
Then sweet flow'rets soft reposing,
Spring to light in beauty fair.

3

These to nurse her fondest pleasures,
And for them her purest love ;
While she seeks for these dear treasures,
Holy influence from above.
"May no storms nor blights assailing,
"Blast the hopes which thou hast giv'n ;
"But when life, and bloom is failing,
"Sweet may they exhale to heav'n."

17.

1

How great thy goodness gracious Lord !
What love resides in Thee !
Through every season of my life,
Thou dost remember me.

2

While but a young and helpless babe,
Rich blessings flowed from Thee ;
My parents' tender fondness proved
Thou didst remember me.

3

Thy sabbath I am taught to keep,
And ev'ry sin to flee,
With grateful heart, O Lord, I weep !
Thou didst remember me.

18.

1

When first my infant feet essay'd
The movements of my will to aid,
Parents and friends, with watchful eye,
To guard my tottering steps would fly.

2

Now, 'mid the clustering flowers I stray,
Or on the clear brook's margin play ;
Till the sun's parting lustres burn,
Fearless go forth and safe return.

3

When weary, on my pillow laid,
Mild evening draws her curtain shade ;
One is regarding from above,
Keeping me with a father's love.

4

Then busy dreams with powerful sway,
Bring back the pleasures of the day ;
Bring the last form that lingered near,
My ever tender mother dear.

5

She gave her kiss, and breath'd her prayer,
And then to rest resigned her care,
Still, he whose eye can never sleep,
Over my bed his watch doth keep.

19.

1

How we love our infant-school,
And the play-ground clean and neat,
When of boys and girls 'tis full,
Playing there's a treat.
There we have such merry games,
And we never whine and cry,
Never hurt or call bad names,
But to please we try.

2

When we get upon the swing,
Up and down again we go—
Each as merry as a king,
Though we are so low.
But if we were rich and great,
Fine and grand, and dressed in lace,
Ne'er could be a happier state,
Or a richer place.

3

May we ever grateful be,
For the blessings here enjoy'd,
From bad thoughts and passions free,
Well our time employ'd,
How we love our infant-school ;
And our play-ground clean and neat,
When of boys and girls 'tis full,
Playing there's a treat.

20.

1

On our cheerful village green,
All sprinkled o'er with flowers,
All the boys and girls are seen
To pass their leisure hours;
  Now they frolic, hand in hand,
  Making merry dances,
  Then they form a warlike band,
  And march with mimic lances.

2

Then ascends the flying ball,
And high in air it flounces,
Or against the cottage wall
And up and down it bounces.
  Or the hoop, with even pace,
  From the stick is flying,
  Ev'ry one with merry face,
  After it is plying.

3

But among the rich and gay,
Grand and decked in laces,
None appear so pleased as they,
None with happier faces.
  Then contented with our state,
  We'll not seek for gay things,
  Pleasure, truly, is as great,
  With our village play-things.

20.

Thirty days by June are crav'd,
And thirty by September;
Equal is the number sav'd,
For April and November.
  Other months have thirty-one,
  But February only,
  Which but twenty-eight can run;
  Standing all so lonely.

21.

1

God is love; his mercy brightens
  All the path in which we rove;
Bliss he wakes, and woe he lightens,
  God is wisdom, God is love.

2

Chance and change are busy ever,
  Man decays, and ages move;
But his mercy changeth never,
  God is wisdom, God is love.

3

Ev'n the hour that darkest seemeth,
  Will his changeless goodness prove;
From the mist his brightness streameth,
  God is wisdom, God is love.

4

He with early cares entwineth
  Hope and comfort from above,
Every where his glory shineth,
  God is wisdom, God is love.

22.

1

In frock richly trim'd with a beautiful lace,
And hair nicely dressed hanging over her face,
Young Harriet went to the house of a friend,
With a large *little* party the evening to spend.

2

Ah! how they will all be delighted, I guess,
And stare with surprise, at my elegant dress;
Thus said the young girl, and her little heart beat,
Impatient the happy young party to meet.

3

Alas! they were all too intent on their fun,
T' observe the gay clothes this fine lady had on;

And thus all her trouble quite lost its design,
They saw she was proud, but forgot she was fine.

4

'Twas Lucia, though only in simple white clad,
No trimmings, nor laces, nor jewels she had,
Whose cheerful good nature delighted them more
Than all the fine garments that Harriet wore.

5

'Tis better to have a sweet smile on the face,
Than wear a rich frock with an elegant lace;
The good natured girl is loved best in the main,
When dressing quite neatly, though ever so plain.

23.

1

O come my little children dear,
O come and sing my song,
For cheerfulness, and merriment,
To such as you belong.
Come, you must sing my song,
Come, you must sing my song,
O come and smile, on me the while,
And all rehearse my song.

2

I wish that ev'ry blessing may
Descend upon your hearts;
May they be ever frank and gay,
With no beguiling arts.
Then you will sing my song,
Then you will sing my song,
For joyous smiles, and happiness,
Will then to you belong.

3

May you quite happy all agree,
And ev'ry rule observe,
And thus you will assuredly,
My kindness well deserve.
Then you may sing my song,
Then you may sing my song,
For joyous smiles, and happiness,
Will then to you belong.

4

If carefully your time is passed,
You will improve each day,
And when your lessons all are learn'd,
You cheerfully may play.
Then so blithely you'll sing,
Then so blithely you'll sing,
For joyful sport and active play,
True cheerfulness will bring.

24.

1

Sixteen drams are just an ounce,
As you'll learn at any shop;
Sixteen ounces make a pound,
When you buy a mutton-chop.
Twenty-eight pounds are the fourth
Of an hundred weight, called gross;
Four such quarters are the whole
Of an hundred weight, at most.

2

Twenty hundred makes a ton,
By this rule all things are sold,
That have any waste or dross,
And are bought so too, I'm told.
When I buy, or when I sell,
May I always use one weight;
May I justice love so well,
To do always what is right.

25.

1

When my father comes home in the evening from work,
Then I will get up on his knee,
And tell him how many fine lessons I've learnt,
And show him how good I can be.

2

He'll hear what a number I know how to count,
I'll tell him what words I can spell,
And if I can learn something every day,
I hope soon to read very well.

3

I'll say to him all the nice verses I know,
And tell him how kind we must be,
That we never must hurt poor dumb creatures at all,
And he'll kiss me and listen to me.

4

I'll tell him we always must try to please God,
And never be cruel or rude;
For God is the Father of all living things,
He cares for, and blesses the good.

25.

1

My love, you have met with a trial to-day,
Which I hoped to have seen you oppose;
But alas, in a moment your temper gave way,
And the pride of your bosom arose.

2

I saw the temptation, and trembled for fear
Your good resolution should fall;
And soon by your eye and your colour, my dear,
I found you had broken them all.

3

O why did you suffer this troublesome sin,
To rise in your bosom again?
And when you perceiv'd it already within,
O why did you let it remain.

4

As soon as temptation is put in your way,
And passion is ready to start,
'Tis then you must try to subdue it, and pray
For courage to bid it depart.

25.

1

Ah, don't you remember, 'tis almost December,
And soon will the holy-days come;
They'll be very funny—I've plenty of money,
I'll buy me a sword and a drum.

2

Thus said little Harry, unwilling to tarry,
Impatient to hurry from school;
But we shall discover, this holy-day lover,
Spoke both like a child and a fool.

3

For when he alighted, so highly delighted,
Away from his sums and his books,
Though play-things surrounded, and sweetmeats abounded,
Chagrin still appeared in his looks.

4

Though first they delighted, his toys were now slighted,
And thrown away out of his sight;
He spent every morning in stretching and yawning,
Yet went to bed weary at night.

5

He had not the treasure, that always gives pleasure,
(A secret discovered by few;)
You'll take it for granted, more play-things he wanted,
O no—it was something to do.

6

He found that employment created enjoyment,
And passed the time cheerful away;
That study and reading by far were exceeding
His cakes, and his toys, and his play.

26.

1

I am indeed a little child,
As you yourself discern;
Yet though I am so very small,
I'm not too young to learn;
For I can say my A, B, C,
And some short words can spell,
The days are seven in the week,
And I their names can tell.

2

I know twelve months do make a year,
The weeks are fifty-two,
The days three hundred sixty-five;
(Time many things to do.)
Hours twenty-four in ev'ry day,
For which we must account;
The hours of darkness we include,
To make up this amount.

3

I've learnt to count my fingers o'er,
And know that I have ten,
If both my thumbs were taken off,
But eight I should have then.
'Tis thus I add, subtract, divide,
Say four from eight—leaves four;
And may I, every day I live,
Be learning something more.

4

I've learnt at school some pretty hymns,
And some short ditties too—
And I can say them when at home,
And very often do.
I know some tables which we say,
As round the room we go—
I think I shall remember them,
When older much I grow.

5

I know the names of many things
Around me that I see—
Sure in the art by which they're made—
Much wisdom must there be.
I'm taught to sing, I'm taught to think,
By cards and pictures, here—
And I will strive in ev'ry hour,
To mind my teacher dear.

27.

1

Will the great God, who reigns on high,
With glory crown'd above the sky—
Adored by a bright angel throng,
List to an infant's humble song?

2

Will He, who made each shining star,
To throw its twinkling beams so far,
In mercy, gently condescend,
To be my Father, and my Friend?

3

And will he bow his list'ning ear,
All kind, my murmured prayers to hear;
And from his lofty seat above,
Bless me, with his forgiving love?

4

He will; I hear the Saviour's voice;
It bids my doubting heart rejoice—
"Permit young babes to me to come,
"For I'm their Saviour, Heaven their home."

5

"And hear my lips this truth declare,—
"None, the pure joys of Heaven shall share,
"Who are not like a little child,
"Devout and trusting, meek and mild."

27.

1

Of all the gifts in virtue's power,
That should adorn the breast of youth;
The fairest and the purest flower
Is ever valued, simple truth.

2

Her dictates always lead us right,
Less'ning the fault she bids us own;
Turning false shame to sweet delight,—
Delight to liars never known.

3

Though trifling be the act we do,
Or great the punishment we shun,
Not in base falsehood's name we'll sue,
But speak with truth the ill we've done.

28.

1

What is it in the viewless wind,
Wild rushing through the oak,
Seemed to my list'ning, dreaming mind,
As though a spirit spoke.
What is it to the murm'ring stream,
Does give so sweet a song,
That in its tide, my thoughts do seem,
To pour themselves along.

2

What is it on the dizzy height,
What in each glowing star,
That speaks of things beyond the sight,
And questions what they are?
What in the rolling thunders voice,
What in the ocean's roar;
Hears the grand chorus! Oh rejoice,
Resound from shore to shore?

3

What in the gentle moon doth see,
Pure thoughts and gentle love;
And hears delicious melody,
Around—below—above?
What bids the savage tempest speak,
Of terror and dismay;
And wakes the agonizing shriek,
Of guilt that fears to pray?

4

It is the everlasting mind,
This little throb of life,
Hears its own echoes in the wind,
And in the tempest's strife.
To all that's sweet, and bright, and fair,
Its own affections gives;
Sees its own image every where,
Through all creation lives.

29.

1

To the fields, boys, away,
To the fields, boys, away;
For school is done—and now for fun,
We shall have all the day.

2

The kite now shall rise,
As high as the skies;
The batted ball, shall mount and fall,
Till fleeting twilight flies.

3

The foot-ball will bound,
When struck from the ground;
To drive the hoop, the merry troop,
Will eager still be found.

4

When weary of play,
At close of day,
To our lov'd home, we'll cheerful come
To meet our sisters gay.

30.

1

I ought to remember the kindness of those,
Who teach me at school, with such trouble and pains;
'Tis better than giving me money or clothes,
For when they are gone, yet my learning remains.
Teacher of the mind,
There's no friend so kind,—There's no friend so kind.

2

I hope to be thankful so long as I live,
And though I can never repay them, I'm sure,
My love, and my duty, I'm able to give,
And these they shall have if I'm ever so poor.
Teacher of the mind, &c.

3

I'll do as they bid me, and mind what they say,
And never be stubborn, or sulky, or bold;
But come in good time, without stopping to play,
And try to remember whatever I'm told.
Teacher of the mind, &c.

4

If there's any thing else I can think of to do,
I'll not be ungrateful and that they shall find;
I always shall love them and honor them too,
And I hope God will bless them for being so kind.
Teacher of the mind, &c.

31.

1

Come, little boy, away away—your kite should not be flying,
Every beast and bird and boy should to their homes be hieing;
Brothers and sisters, with your mother there for you are waiting,
E're the evening's tasks begin, which you are thus belating.

2

There the dissected maps are spread, with pictures on the table,
Every child shall take his part, improving as he's able;
Some will describe the longitude, and some improve in writing,
Some will puzzle their brains in thought, their next school theme inditing.

3

After the evening's work is done and nine o'clock is ringing,
Brothers and sisters will unite, their little ballads singing;
When with the song you all are tired and evening hour is closing,
On your pillows you'll take your rest, in slumbers sweet reposing.

32.

1

Far from mortal cares retreating,
Sordid hopes, and vain desires,
Here, our willing footsteps meeting,
Ev'ry heart to heaven aspires;
Light celestial cheers our eyes,
Sent in mercy from the skies.

2

Who may share this great salvation?
Every pure and humble mind,
Every kindred, tongue, and nation,
From the stains of guilt refin'd;
God withholds his care from none,
Who in faith address his throne.

3

Every stain of sin abhorring,
Firm, and bold, in virtue's cause,
Still thy providence adoring,
Faithful subjects to his laws.
Bless us with thy wondrous love,
All our hope is from above.

4

Lord, with favour still attend us,
Give us faith, and hope, and trust;
Thou our sun, and shield, defend us,
When our bodies sink in dust;
May our souls immortal rise,
Pure in glory to the skies.

33.

1

Come, children, let us now discourse,
About the pretty, noble horse;
And soon you all will plainly see
How very useful he must be.

2

He draws the coach so fine and smart!
And likewise drags the loaded cart,
Along the road or up the hill,
Though there his task is harder still.

3

Upon his back men ride with ease,
He carries them just where they please;
And though it should be many a mile,
He gets there in a little while.

4

With saddle on his back they sit,
And manage him with rein and bit;
With whip or spur they give a blow,
When they would make him faster go.

5

And be the weather cold or hot,
As they may wish, he'll walk or trot,
Or if to make more haste have need
Will gallop with the greatest speed.

6

When dead his shining skin they use,
As leather for our gloves and shoes;
Then all who gloves or shoes do wear
Should learn to treat the horse with care.

33.

1

Hark now to me, and silence keep,
And we will talk about the sheep;
For sheep are harmless and we know
That on their backs the wool does grow.

2

The sheep are taken once a year,
And plung'd in water clean and clear;
And there they swim, but do not bite
The men who wash them clean and white.

3

And then they take them fat or lean,
Clip off their wool, both short and clean;
And this is call'd, we understand,
Shearing the sheep, throughout the land.

4

So then they take the wool so white,
And pack it up in bags quite tight;
And then they take those bags so full
And sell to men who deal in wool.

5

The wool is wash'd and comb'd by hand,
Then it is spun with wheel and band;
And then with shuttle very soon,
Wove into cloth within the loom.

6

The cloth is first sent to be dy'd;
Then it is wash'd and press'd and dry'd;
The tailor then cuts out with care,
The clothes that men and boys do wear.

34.

1

There's a pretty bird, but hark!
I can't see it any where;
Oh! it is a little lark,
Singing in the morning air:
Little lark do tell me why
You are singing in the sky?

2

Other little birds at rest,
Have not yet begun to sing;
Ev'ry one is in its nest,
With its head behind its wing.
Little lark then tell me why
You sing early in the sky?

3

'Tis to sing a merry song,
To the pleasant morning light;
Why stay in the nest so long,
When the sun is shining bright?
Little infant, this is why
I sing early in the sky.

4

To the little birds below,
I do sing a merry tune;
And I let the ploughman know,
He must come to labour soon.
Little infant, this is why
I sing early in the sky.

35.

1

Come, sisters, sunny autumn's past,
The night is dark and drear;
And icy winter's howling blast,
Brings stormy tempests near.
Then let us aspire, round the bright blazing fire,
Our minds to excite with books and play;
Though autumn is past, our pleasures shall last
Through winter's severest night and day.

2

The drifting snow that fills the air,
Around is raging near:
But through our parents' tender care,
No storm invades us here.
Then let us aspire, round the bright blazing fire, &c.

3

But when the moon, her silver ray,
Throws on the ice field glare,
Our brothers lightly will haste away,
For the skaters wait them there.
Far over the snow, then let them go,
The sport to the youthful heart is dear;
But to their loved home, they will presently come,
To enliven our social circle here.

4

Their frosty sport an hour will last,
But soon their limbs will tire;
Away from the northern blast they'll haste,
To surround our social fire.
Far over the snow, &c.

36.

1

Who took me from my mother's arms,
And smiling at her soft alarms,
Display'd the world and nature's charms?
It was my father dear.
Who made me feel and understand
The wonders of the sea and land,
And mark, through all, my Maker's hand?
It was my father dear.

2

Who led me up the mountain's height,
And watch'd my look of pure delight,
As there I view'd the glorious sight?
It was my father dear.
Who taught my early mind to know,
That all these blessings, found below,
From God's unbounded mercy flow?
It was my father dear.

3

Still teach me as I grow a man,
Thy lessons which in youth began—
T' unfold, my dear Redeemer's plan;
Still, be my father dear.
And when at last thy years decline,
May ev'ry comfort, still be thine,
Till to the tomb I thee resign,
In peace, my father dear.

4

There but remains a little space,
'Till I shall meet thee face to face;
But not, as now, in vain embrace,—
Far hence, my father dear.
And soon, before the Mercy-seat,
Made perfect spirits—may we meet;
And there shall I in transport greet,
Again my father dear.

36.

1

Who fed me from her gentle breast,
And hushed me in her arms to rest,
And on my cheek sweet kisses pressed,
It was my mother dear.
When sleep forsook my restless eye,
Who was it sung sweet lullaby,
And soothed me that I should not cry;
It was my mother dear.

2

Who ever watched my infant head,
In wakeful play, or on my bed;
And tears of fond affection shed;
It was my mother dear.
Who taught my infant lips to pray,
To love God's holy word and day,
And early walk in wisdom's way;
It was my mother dear.

3

And can I ever cease to be,
Affectionate and kind to thee,
Who was forever kind to me;
Ah, no, my mother dear.
If God shall please my life to spare,
I will return thy tender care:
And ev'ry joy of life will share,
With thee, my mother dear.

4

When thou art feeble, old and gray,
My healthy arm shall be thy stay;
I'll strive to keep all pains away
From thee, my mother dear.
And God, who rules above the sky,
Will look with an approving eye,
On all those children, who shall try,
To please their mother dear.

36.

1

Our God is good! each perfumed flower,
The smiling fields, the dark green wood,
The insect fluttering for an hour,
Proclaim that "God is good."
I hear it in the rushing wind;
The hills that have for ages stood,
And clouds, with gold and silver lined,
Repeat that "God is good,"

2

Each little rill, which many a year
Has the same verdent course pursued,
And every bird, in accents clear,
Declare that "God is good."
The countless host of twinkling stars,
Which e'en the keenest sight elude;
The rising sun each day declares,
In radiance "God is good."

3

The restless main, with haughty roar,
And each wild wave and billow rude,
Retreats, submissive, from the shore,
Resounding "God is good."

The moon, that walks in brightness, says,
That "God is good;" and we, endowed
With power to speak our Maker's praise,
Should echo, "God is good."

37.

1

God made the sky that looks so blue;
God made the grass so green;
God made the flowers that smell so sweet,
In pretty colours seen.
God made the sun that shines so bright;
And gladdens all we see;
It comes to give us heat and light;
How thankful should we be.

2

God made the pretty bird to fly,
How sweetly has she sung,
And though she soars so very high,
She won't forget her young.
God made the mind, he made the heart,
With kind affections fraught;
Then should we consecrate to him
Our ever active thought.

37.

1

There's not a tint that paints the rose,
Or decks the lily fair,
Or streaks the humblest flower that grows,
But God has placed it there.
There's not of grass a simple blade,
Or leaf of lowliest mein,
Where heavenly skill is not display'd,
And heavenly wisdom seen.

2

There's not a star whose twinkling light
Illumes the spreading earth:
There's not a cloud or dark or bright,
But mercy gave it birth;
Then wake, my soul, and sing his name,
And all his praise rehearse,
Who spread abroad earth's glorious frame,
And made the universe.

38.

1

My father, my mother, I know
I cannot your kindness repay;
But I hope as the older I grow,
I shall learn your commands to obey.
You lov'd me before I could tell
Who it was that so tenderly smiled;
But now that I know it so well,
I should be a dutiful child.

2

I am sorry that ever I should
Be naughty or give you a pain;
I hope I shall learn to be good,
And so never grieve you again.
But for fear that I ever should dare,
From all your commands to depart;
Whenever I utter a prayer,
I'll ask for a dutiful heart.

38.

1

The moon rises high in the east,
The stars with pure brilliancy shine,
The songs of the woodlands have ceased,
And still is the low of the kine;
The men from their works on the hill
Trudge homeward, with pitchfork and flail;
The buzz of the hamlet is still,—
And the bat flaps his wings in the gale.

2

And see from the darkly green trees,
Of cyprus, and holly, and yew,
That wave their black arms in the breeze,
The old village church is in view:
The owl, from her ivi'd retreat,
Screams hoarse to the winds of the night,
And the clock with its solemn repeat,
Has toll'd the departure of light.

2

My child, let us wander alone,
When half the wide world is in bed;
And read o'er the rude crumbling stone,
That tells of the mouldering dead.
Then let us remember it well,
That we must as certainly die;
For us, too, will toll the sad bell;
And in the cold earth we must lie.

4

Then seek not, my child, to be blessed,
With riches that shortly must fade.
Let piety dwell in your breast,
And all your affections pervade.
And thus when beneath the green sod,
This active young body shall lie,
Thy soul shall ascend to its God,
To dwell with the angels on high.

39.

1

Glory be to God on high;
God, whose glory fills the sky;
Lift your voices, children all;
Praise the Lord on whom ye call.
Praise, still praise his name divine,
Praise him at the hallow'd shrine,
In your humble hearts adore,
Praise his goodness and his power.

2

Children, all your earthly days,
Learn the sweetest notes to raise;
Sing his name with one consent,
O how great, how excellent!
Ye, who vital breath enjoy;
In his praise that breath employ,
In united chorus join,
Praise, still praise his name divine.

3

O, my soul, with all thy powers,
Bless the Lord's most holy name;
O, my soul, till life's last hours,
Bless the Lord, his praise proclaim.
Glory be to God on high,
God whose glory fills the sky;
Songs by all be freely given,
To the Lord of earth and heav'n.

40.

1

Ah see how the ices are melting away,
The rivers have burst from their chain;
The wood lands and hedges with verdure look gay,
And the daisies enamel the plain.

2

The sun rises high, and shines warm o'er the dale,
The orchards with blossoms look white,
The voice of the wood lark is heard in the vale,
And the cuckoo returns from her flight.

3

Young lambs sport and frisk on the sides of the hill,
The honey-bee wakes from her sleep,
The turtle dove opens her soft cooing bill;
And snow-drops and primroses peep.

4

Then while in the spring of my vigour and bloom,
In the paths of fair learning I'll run;
Nor let the best part of my being consume,
With nothing of consequence done.

5

Thus while to my lessons, with care I attend,
And store up the knowledge I gain;
When the winter of age shall upon me descend,
'Twill but cheer the dark season of pain.

40.

1

What is it that winds about over the world,
Spread thin like a covering fair,
In each crack or crevice 'tis artfully curled;
This sly little fluid is air.

2

In summer's still evening how peaceful it floats,
When not a leaf moves on the spray,
And no sound is heard but the whippoorwill's notes,
And the merry gnats droning away.

3

When winter returns it will bellow aloud,
And war in the northerly blast;
With fury drive onward the blue snowy cloud,
And crack the tall, tapering mast.

4

In the forest it tears up the sturdy old oak,
That many a tempest had known;
The tall mountain pine into splinters is broke,
And over the precipice blown.

5

And yet though it rages with fury so wild;
O'er the solid earth, water or fire;
Without its assistance the hardiest child,
Would struggle, and gasp and expire.

40.

1

How pleasant it is at the end of the day,
No follies to have to repent;
But reflect on the past and be able to say,
That my time has been properly spent.

2

When I've done all my business with patience and care,
And been good and obliging and kind,
I ~~lay~~ lie on my pillow and sleep away there,
With a happy and peaceable mind.

3

But instead of all this, if it must be confessed,
That I careless and idle have been,
I ~~lay~~ lie down as usual, attempting to rest,
But feel discontented within.

4

If I'm disobedient, idle, or bad,
I shall daily have cause to repent;
For I never am naughty without being sad,
Or good without feeling content.

41.

1

My God, all nature owns thy sway;
Thou givest the night and thou the day;
When all thy loved creation wakes,
When morning, rich in lustre breaks;
All nature owns thy sway!

2

When bath'd in dew the opening flow'r,
To thee we owe that fragrant hour;
And when pour'd forth the choral song,
The melodies to thee belong!
All nature owns thy sway!

3

Or when in paler tints array'd,
The evening slowly spreads her shade;
That soothing shade, that grateful gloom,
More tranquil is than day's bright bloom;
All nature owns thy sway!

4

In ev'ry scene thy hands have dress'd,
In ev'ry form by thee impress'd,
Upon the mountain's awful head,
Or where the sheltering woods are spread;
All nature owns thy sway!

5

In ev'ry note that swells the gale,
Or tuneful stream that cheers the vale,
The cavern's depth or echoing grove,—
A voice is heard of praise and love.
All nature owns thy sway!

6

As o'er thy works the seasons roll,
And soothe, with varied joys the soul,
O never may their smiling train
Pass by our infant minds in vain!
All nature owns thy sway!

42.

1

Soon as my infant lips can lisp
Their feeble prayers to thee,
O may my heart thy favour seek;
Dear Lord, remember me.

2

In childhood's tender years, my tongue
Train'd to thy praise shall be;
And this shall be my humble song,—
Dear Lord, remember me.

3

From wild desires that wound the soul,
May I be taught to flee;
And when I feel their rude controul,
Dear Lord, remember me.

4

And when with age's load oppressed,
I bend the trembling knee;
Then give my suffering spirit rest:
Dear Lord, remember me.

42.

1

My pretty flowers are gone away,
All covered o'er with snow;
And I must wait till next May Day,
To see my violets grow.

2

I'm very sure the leaves will peep
Again above the ground,
Although the root is buried deep,
And not a stem is found.

3

I'm told that when the grave shall close
O'er little Jane and me,
We like our own sweet fading rose,
Shall dead but seem to be.

4

I know my mother tells me true;
I'm not afraid to go
To God, who showers my plants with dew;
And covers them with snow.

43.

1

How enlivening the beams of the heart cheering sun,
As daily he rises his journey to run:
But brighter, far brighter, the life of a child,
When kindly affectionate, cheerful, and mild.
May you ever, like the sun, be glorious, my child;
May you ever be obedient, cheerful, and mild.

2

How sweet is the breath of a morning in May,
When fresh are the flow'rets and nature so gay.
But sweeter, far sweeter, words gentle and mild,
That always distinguish a sweet tempered child.
May you ever like the morn, be charming and kind.
May you ever be obedient, cheerful, and mild.

3

When the motherly bird calls her feathery brood,
'Tis pleasant to see them obedient and good;
But pleasanter far, when young children we see,
Obeying whatever their parents decree.
May you ever like the bird be innocent, child.
May you ever be obedient, cheerful, and mild.

4

What a beautiful sight is a garden, where grows
The hyacinth, myrtle, and sweet scented rose.
More beautiful still, are the eyes beaming mild,
So plainly declaring a kind-hearted child,
May you ever like the rose be blooming, my child;
May you ever be obedient, cheerful, and mild.

5

Thou best of all beings, who moulded the earth,
To all creatures giving, in kindness, their birth—
O! grant, in thy goodness, that all that we see
May daily instruct us in duty to Thee.
May you ever to your God be grateful, my child,
May you ever be obedient, cheerful and mild.

44.

1

Twinkle, twinkle, little star,
How I wonder what you are,
Up above the world so high,
Like a diamond in the sky.

2

When the blazing sun is gone,—
When he nothing shines upon;
Then you show your little light,—
Twinkle, twinkle, all the night.

3

Then the trav'ller in the dark,
Thanks you for your tiny spark;
He could not see where to go,
If you did not twinkle so.

4

In the dark blue sky you keep,
And often through my curtains peep,
For you never shut your eye,
Till the sun is in the sky.

45.

1

I saw the glorious sun arise,
From yonder mountain gray;
And as he rose upon the skies,
The darkness fled away.
And all around me was so bright
I wished it would be always light.

2

But when his shining course was done,
The gentle moon drew nigh:
And stars came twinkling, one by one,
Upon the dusky sky.
Who made the sun to shine so far;
The moon and every twinkling star?

3

'Twas God, my child, who made them all,
By his almighty skill;
He guides them, that they do not fall,
And bids them do his will.
The glorious God, who rules in love,
On earth, and in the heavens above.

4

Behold the daisy, where you tread,—
That useless little thing;
Behold the insect over head,
That gambols on the wing.
His goodness bids the daisy rise;
And every insect's want supplies.

5

And will he not descend to make
A feeble child his care?
Yes, Jesus died for children's sake,
And loves the youngest's prayer.
God made the stars and daisies too,
And watches over them and you.

45.

1

The summer winds sing lullaby,
O'er Martha's little grave:
The summer flowers spring tenderly,
O'er her their buds to wave.
For oh, her life was brief and sweet,
As flowers that blossom at her feet.

2

A little while the beauteous gem
Bloomed on its parent's breast;
Ah then it withered on the stem,
And sought a deeper rest.
Her form was covered with the sod;
But now her spirit rests with God.

3

The birds she loved so well to hear,
Her parting requiem sing:
And at her name affection's tear
In every eye will spring.
Her sweetness ne'er will be forgot,
By those who mourned her early lot.

46.

1

Whence does the wind come, and where does he go?
He rides o'er the water, and over the snow;
Through wood and valley, and o'er rocky height,
He moans in the morning, or bellows at night.

2

O'er us he's bending the limbs on the tree;
But how he can bend them no mortal can see.
He heaps up the waters in billows so high,
They near reach the clouds, which he rolls through the sky.

3

Suddenly stopping in some cunning nook,
He rings a sharp larum, but if you should look,
Nothing remains when he quits his resort,
But a heap of dry leaves, which he gathered in sport.

4

Let him howl o'er us, he does us no harm;
For round a good fire we're social and warm;
Cheerful we'll read till the evening is past,
All guarded and safe from the wind's chilling blast.

5

Then we'll to bed go and when we are there,—
He'll do as he pleases, and what shall we care,—
He may knock at the door, but we'll not let him in—
If he drive at the window we'll laugh at his din.

47.

1

Life, like the tender flower,
Soon shall fade and pass away;
Then let's improve the hour,
While yet we may.

2

The rose, the sweetly blooming rose,
Ere from the parent stem 'tis torn,
Is like the charm which beauty shows,
In life's exulting morn!
Life, like the tender flow'r, &c.

3

But, O! how soon its sweets are gone,
Its faded form in ruin lies!
So when the eve of life comes on—
Our beauty fades and dies.
Life, like the tender flow'r, &c.

4

Then, since the fairest flow'r that's made,
In death dissolving soon we find,
Let us possess what ne'er will fade,—
The beauties of the mind.
Life, like the tender flow'r, &c.

48.

1

Heavenly Father, grant thy blessing
On the teaching of this day;
That our hearts thy fear possessing,
May from sin be turned away.

2

Have we wandered? Oh! forgive us:
Have we wished from truth to rove,—
Turn, oh! turn us, and receive us,
And incline us truth to love.

49.

1

So falls th' enlivening shower,
From April's changeful skies;
The rain-drops bend each flower;
They tinge with richer dies.
Soon shall their influence render
A thousand buds to-day:
Which yet with all their splendour
In hidden beauty lay.

2

E'en now full many a flower,
With fragrance fills the glade;
And verdure clothes the bower,
In brighter tints arrayed.
But mark! what arch so splendid
From heaven to earth is bowed?
Behold His work who bended,
The rainbow in the cloud.

3

How bright its glory shining!
The emerald's verdant rays;
The gold, and topaz joining,
With ruby's deepened blaze.
But not for idle gazing
Was given the vision fair;
Behold the sight amazing,
And read God's mercy there.

4

He's thus to man declaring,
His high eternal will;
His seasons are preparing,
Seed-time and harvest still.
Then, child of hope unbounded,
Thy praises pour aloud,
To him whose mercy founded
The rainbow on the cloud.

50.

1

Glory to the heavenly king!
Bounteous parent—thee we sing.
Gratitude the strain inspires:
Humble hopes, sincere desires,
God of glory! God of love!
Lord of all the worlds above,
Thee we bless for daily food,
Thee we bless for ev'ry good.

2

More than all we praise thee, Lord,
For the blessings of thy word;
For the tidings Jesus brought,
For the precepts Jesus taught.
Gracious Father: Heavenly King
Feeble lips presume to sing;
Infant voices humbly raise,
Grateful fervent songs of praise.

51.

1

Behold the worm that shocks the sight,
The humblest form in nature's train,
Now rise in newborn lustre bright,
Nor be the lesson taught in vain.
She sips the roses fragrant dew,
The lily's honied cup explores,
From flower to flower to search anew,
And rifle all the woodbines stores.

2

And let me trace thy wandering flight,
Thy moments watch of short repose,
And mark thee with renewed delight,
Thy golden pinion, ope and close.
But hark, while here I musing stand,
Pours on the gale an airy note,
And whispered by a viewless band,
Soft silvery tones around me float.

3

They cease! a voice I seem to hear,
A gentle voice, of hope and joy,
"Thy hour of rest approaches near.
"Prepare thee, mortal, thou must die!
"Yet start not! on thy closing eyes,
"Another day shall soon unfold;
"A sun of milder radiance rise:
"A happier age of joys untold.

52.

1

Give thee good morrow, busy Bee!
No cloud is in the sky;
The ring-dove skims across the lea,
The matin lark soars high.
Gay sun-beams kiss the dewy flower,
Slight breezes stir the tree;
And sweet is thine own woodbine bower;
Good morrow, busy Bee.

2

Give thee good even, busy Bee!
The summer day is by;
Now droning Beetles haunt the lea,
And shrieking plovers cry.
The light hath palled on leaf and flower,
The night wind chills the tree:
And thou well laden leav'st thy bower;
Good even, busy Bee.

53.

1

God is so good that he will hear,
Whenever children humbly pray;
He always lends a gracious ear,
To what the youngest child can say.

2

His own most holy book declares,
He loves good little children still;
And that he listens to their prayers,
Just as a tender father will.

3

He loves to hear an infant tongue
Thank him for all his mercies given:
And when by babes his praise is sung,
Their cheerful songs are heard in heaven.

4

Come, then, dear children, trust his word,
And seek him for your friend and guide;
Your little voices shall be heard,
And you will never be denied.

53.

1

Lord I have passed another day,
And come to thank thee for thy care;
Forgive my faults in work and play,
And listen to my evening prayer.

2
Thy favour gives me daily bread,
And friends who all my wants supply;
And safely now I rest my head,
Preserved and guarded by thine eye.

3
Look down in pity, and forgive
Whatever I have done amiss;
And help me every day I live
To serve thee better than in this.

4
Now while I sleep, be pleased to take
A helpless child beneath thy care;
And condescend, for Jesus' sake,
To listen to my evening prayer.

53.

1
Who taught the bird to build her nest,
Of softest wool and hay and moss?
Who taught her how to weave it best,
And lay the tiny twigs across?

2
Who taught the busy bee to fly,
Among the sweetest herbs and flow'rs?
And lay her store of honey by,
Providing food for winter's hours?

3
Who taught the little ant the way,
Her narrow hole so well to bore?
And through the pleasant summer's day,
To gather up her winter's store?

4
'Twas God who taught them all the way,
And gave these little creatures skill;
And teaches children, if they pray,
To know and do his holy will.

54.

1
Guide our youth, O God, we pray;
Lead us in thy holy way,
And may all our lives be passed,
As we'd wish them at the last.

2
Smile on those whose time and care
Give to us instruction here;
Let our conduct ever prove,
Gratitude for all their love.

3
Father, teach us, while we live,
Ev'ry day our thanks to give;
Then with those we here have known,
Join in praise around thy throne.

55.

1
See the gleams of day light swim,
On the heaving ocean's brim;
Now the waves are gilded o'er,
With the golden beams still more.
Now the gath'ring lustre shines
On the loftiest mountain pines;
And the far off village spires
Redden in the kindling fires.

2
There, he bursts upon the sight,
Wrap'd in flames intensely bright;
Milder now the cool wind blows;
All is waking from repose.
Now the lab'rours' steps once more
Issue from the neighbouring door,
And the busy echoes sound,
From the wood and rising ground.

3
God has made the sun to shine,—
Image of his love divine;
Thus his rays of mercy fall
Bountiful alike on all.
Thus he lights our happy way,
Through the labours of the day;
And when all our cares are past,
Guides us to his rest at last.

56.

1
Poor Robert is crazy, exposed to the weather;
His beard is grown long, and hangs down on his breast.
Misfortune has robb'd him of reason forever;
His heart has no comfort—his head has no rest.

2

Poor man, it would please me to soften thy sorrow,
To soothe thy affliction and yield thee support;
But lo! through the village, amusement to borrow,
The cruel boys hunt thee, and turn thee to sport.

3

'Tis grievous to witness their pityless bellow,
As round thee they mimic thy mournful complaint;
They try to provoke thee; they call thee old fellow;
And drive thee about till thou'rt ready to faint.

4

But such wicked children should now be reminded,
That God does their cruel diversions behold.
And he in his judgments will never be blinded,
To those who shall mock at the poor and the old.

5

Poor Robert! thy troubles will shortly be over;
Forgot, in the grave, thy misfortunes will be.
But God, with confusion will certainly cover
Those merciless children who persecute thee.

57.

1

What busy group is that I see,
Hov'ring some sport around;
What is it that excites their glee?
What treasure have they found?
Too plainly now I see their sport,
'Tis one of pain and death;
A harmless frog which they have caught,
Lies gasping for its breath.

2

But who comes here with hurried pace,
Amid the throng to rush;
With indignation in his face,
That makes his comrades blush.
'Tis Frank, who never hurt a worm,
Or caused another pain;
Yet who in danger is more firm;
Who seeks his aid in vain?

3

And see, at once the sport has ceased
His orders they obey,
The inoffensive frog released,
Ashamed they shrink away.
And this is virtue's holy power,
Vice ever owns its sway;
It never lives a useless hour,
Nor shall it e'er decay.

58.

1

Old John had an apple tree, healthy and green,
Which bore the best codlings that ever were seen,
And when they were ripe, as old Johnny was poor,
He sold them to children, that pass'd by his door.

2

Little Dick, his next neighbour, one often might see,
With longing eye, viewing this nice apple tree;
One day, as he stood in the heat of the sun,
He began thinking whether he might not take one.

3

And as he again cast his eye on the tree,
He said to himself, " O, how nice they would be—
The tree is so full,—and I'd only take one,
And old John won't see, for he is not at home."

4

But stop, little boy, take your hand from the bough ;
Remember, tho' old John can't see you just now,
There's One, who by night, just as well as by day,
Can see all you do, and can hear what you say.

5

Oh then, little boy, come away from the tree,
Content, hot or weary, or thirsty to be,
For God, who forever through darkness can look,
Writes down ev'ry crime we commit, in his book.

58.

1

Oh don't hurt the dog, its the honest old Tray;
What good will it do you to drive him away?
Remember how faithful he is to his charge,
And barks at the rogues when we set him at large.

2

Tho' you, by and by, will grow up to a man,
Since Tray is a dog, let him grow as he can ;
A dog that is honest, and faithful, and mild,
Is very much better than is a bad child.

3

If you are a boy and Tray is but a beast,
I think you should act with some reason at least ;
And while without judgment, he gives no offence,
You surely should manage as having some sense.

4

If I do but whistle, as often you've seen,
He seems to say, " Master, what is it you mean?"
And see, when I throw my hat over the pale,
He fetches it back and comes wagging his tail.

5

Then honest old Tray, let him sleep at his ease,
While you from him learn to endeavour to please ;
Or else we shall find, (what would grieve me to say,)
That Edward is not so obedient as Tray.

59.

1

The wind blows down the largest tree,
And yet the wind I cannot see.
Playmates far off that have been kind,
My thoughts oft bring before my mind;

2

The past-by thought is present brought,
And yet I cannot see my thought.
The charming rose perfumes the air,
Yet I can see no perfumes there.

3

The gay birds' notes—how sweet, how clear!
As soft they fall upon my ear;
And whilst upon the air they float,
I hear, yet cannot see a note.

4

When I would do what is forbid,
By something in my heart I'm chid;
When good, that something praises me,
And I from every fear am free.

5

That voice is Conscience, whose alarms
Will save me from a thousand harms,
Let me her gentle guidance trust,
And die reposing with the just.

60.

1

Turn, turn thy hasty foot aside,
Nor crush that helpless worm;
The frame thy wayward looks deride,
Requir'd a God to form.
The common Lord of all that move,
From whom thy being flow'd,
A portion of his boundless love,
On that poor worm bestow'd.

2

The sun, the moon, the stars he made,
To all his creatures free;
And spreads o'er earth the grassy blade,
For worms as well as thee.
Let them enjoy their little day,
Their lowly bliss receive;
O! do not lightly take away
The life thou can'st not give.

61.

1

Lord, teach us how to pray,
And give us hearts to ask,
Or all we seek, or think, or say,
Will prove a tiresome task.

2

Thy holy spirit send,
Our bosoms to inspire;
Then shall our praise to thee ascend,
With pure and warm desire.

3

Jesus, our great high priest,
Present our prayers above,
And spread abroad o'er all thou see'st,
The mantle of thy love.

4

Teach us to find our bliss
In earnest, fervent pray'r;
For where we pray our Saviour is,
And bliss is only there.

61.

1

Time's never tiring hand
Points to the finished year;
Its moments with past ages stand,
Nor will again appear.

2

The precious moments pass,
And time again revolves;
Spirit of power and heavenly grace,
Assist my weak resolves.

3

From each imperfect part,
Then purer good shall spring,
From errors past, a contrite heart
Will true repentance bring.

62.

1

The little child, who loves to see
The bright sun shining clear,
Is often asking, where is He,
Who placed the bright sun here?
She sees the moonlight softly gleam,
And stars, with twinkling ray,

And asks, "Who made that gentle beam,
Almost more fair than day?"

2

She gathers for her mother dear,
A blossom, rich and rare,
And asks, "Who put these colours here,
And mixed them with such care?"
"'Tis God, my child—who will impart
More glorious objects still,—
A temper mild, a feeling heart,
And strength to do his will."

63.

1

Fruitless the wish, and vain the prayer,
For perfect bliss would be;
I cannot shun what all must share,
Nor live from sorrow free.

2

I'll be a child of nature's school;
Her silent teachings trace;
And she shall fit me by the rule
Of holy, heavenly grace.

3

For they are still the truly wise.
Who earliest learn to look
On earth's best charms, on sun and skies,
As wisdom's open book.

4

Thus taught, no art, nor base deceit,
Shall mar my opening youth;
My heart with healthful hopes shall beat,—
My tongue be tuned to truth.

5

And when through childhood's paths of flowers,
My infant steps have trod,
My soul shall be, in after hours,
Prepar'd to learn of God.

63.

1

When daily I kneel down to pray,
As I am taught to do,
God does not care for what I say,
Unless I feel it too.

2

Yet foolish thoughts my heart beguile,—
And when I pray or sing,
I'm often thinking all the while,
About some other thing.

3

Some idle play or childish toy,
Can send my thoughts abroad;
Though it should be my greatest joy,
To love and seek the Lord.

4

Oh, let me never, never dare
To act the trifler's part,
Or think that God will hear a prayer,
That comes not from the heart.

5

But if I make his ways my choice,
As holy children do,
Then while I seek him with my voice;
My heart will love him too.

64.

1

Now learn, my dear children, the value of youth,
That passes so quickly and yet seems so long;
That seed-time of virtue, of wisdom and truth,
Whose fruits will sustain you when spring time is gone.

2

Prepare now the mind to receive the good seed,
And cherish its culture with vigilant cares,
Lest summer produce but the poisonous weed,
And autumn but render a harvest of tares.

3

Indulge no bad passions which harden the mind ;
Permit no emotion or feelings impure ;
They yield but an increase of sorrow, you'll find,
To nourish repentance while life shall endure.

4

If spring, lovely seed-time, in sloth pass away,
No blossom of vigour life's summer will give,
And autumn all blighted, soon want and decay,
Makes age more distressing the longer we live.

5

Then now be most careful good habits to gain,
And let no delusion steal o'er your young heart,
And virtue shall shield you from sorrow and pain,
And fit you in peace to your God to depart.

65.

1

Now behold, the mid-day sun,
Sheds around a golden light ;
Every leaf that meets his ray,
Glitters gaily to the sight.

2

God is good ! he made the sun ;
Blessing every thing that lives ;
God, who light and joy, and food,
T' every living being gives.

3

He who formed the seeing eye,
He who made the hearing ear,—
Gave each beauty we behold :
Each delightful sound we hear.

4

If he did not keep our life,
We could neither think nor move ;
Every blessing we enjoy,
Is a gift of tender love.

66.

1

" Mamma, now," said Charlotte, " pray don't you believe,
I'm better than Jenny, my nurse ?
But see my red shoes, and lace on my sleeve ;
Her clothes are a thousand times worse.

2

" I ride in a coach, and have nothing to do,
The country folks stare at me so ;
And nobody dares to control me but you,
Because I'm a lady, you know.

3

" Then servants are vulgar, and I am genteel,
They're creatures that nobody knows ;
I'm sure now, mamma, that I'm better a deal,
Than maids, and such people as those."

4

"Gentility, Charlotte," her mother repli'd,
"Is chained to no station or place,
And nothing's so vulgar as folly and pride,
Tho' drest in red slippers and lace."

5

"Not all the fine things that fine ladies possess,
Should teach them the poor to despise,
For 'tis in good manners, and not in good dress,
That truest gentility lies."

67.

1

Another fleeting day is gone:
Slow o'er the west the shadows rise;
And swift the passing hours have flown,
And night's dark curtains veil the skies,
Another fleeting day is gone,
Swept from the records of the year;
And still, with each successive sun,
Life's fading visions disappear.

2

Another fleeting day is gone;
But soon a fairer shall arise,—
A day, whose never setting sun
Shall pour its light o'er cloudless skies.
Another fleeting day is gone;
In solemn silence rest my soul!
Bow down thy heart before his throne,
Who bids the morn and evening roll.

68.

1

By the cutting north wind rent,
See the prostrate lily lies;
So his life 'mid tempests spent,
Many a saint in sorrow dies.

2

But the valley clods do keep,
In their treasury the flower;
So the saint entombed may sleep,
Safely through the mortal hour.

3

Harmlessly the winters rage,
O'er the lily's hidden bloom;
So the lengthened blasts of age,
Unperceived roll o'er the tomb.

4

See in new and purer white,
In the spring the lily rise;
So the saint all deathless bright,
Shall awake in heavenly skies.

68.

1

Nature owns Thee for her God;
Living plant and flow'ring sod,
Each fair thing thy power displays,
Twilight hour and noontide rays;

2

Ocean's vast unequalled force,
Claims Thee for its mighty source;
Thee the storm-clad spirit hails,
As he drives the racking gales.

3

Thou hast formed a holier sphere,
To reward our sufferings here;
World of light, receive us home!
Lasting pleasure quickly come.

69.

1

O where but to Thee, Lord, shall little orphans go,
Thy blessings alone, can dry up our tears of woe;
Kind Father! our lips still shall whisper that loved name,
All friendless and helpless, we thy protection claim.

2

And fearless we'll tell all our wants and woes to Thee,
For every affliction and want, thy eye can see ;
Thy wisdom commanded to slumber in the earth,
The stay of our childhood, and those who gave us birth.

3

But still we will bless thee who wounded us in love,
To teach our affection to rise to things above ;
And through all life's trials, forever by thy side,
O keep us, dear Saviour, and be our friend and guide.

70.

1

God's providence fix'd
The stream and its source—
Gave bounds to the sea,
To rivers their course :
Convey'd through dark channels
Springs rise on the hills,
They burst in the fountains,
And fall in the rills.

2

Descending on hills,
Clouds plenteousness pour ;
All nature revives,
Earth smiles in the shower,
A garment of verdure
Apparels the plain ;
Fruits grow in the garden,
Fields wave with their grain.

3

The beasts by thy will,
Their forests forsake,
The herd quits the field,
To drink of the lake.
On trees crown'd with blossoms,
Its margin along,
Birds, warbling sweet music,
Praise God in their song.

4

The moon, by thy law,
Increases and wanes ;
The sun keeps the course,
Thy wisdom ordains.
Such, Lord, is the mercy,
Thy works all proclaim :
Let earth, crown'd with riches,
Rejoice in thy name.

71.

1

Humbly walk and God will love thee,
Heav'n will hear thy every prayer ;
Then our Saviour will approve thee,
Angels shield thee from despair.

2

Many virtues here must grace thee,
But in meekness still delight.
Pride alone will quite deface thee,
And will shroud them all from sight.

3

Why should feeble children glory ?
Long their life can never last ;
Soon the head of youth is hoary,
Then its pleasures here are past.

4

When these joys that charm'd shall fail thee,
And the scenes are fading round,
What will foolish pride avail thee,
Then in meekness peace is found.

ERRATA.—Page 12, the first note, a semibreve, in the fourth stave, which is placed on E, should be on C.—Page 22, stave 2d, the 7th note, a crotchet, which is on B, should be on C.—Page 30, stave 3d, the first note, a quaver, which is on G, should be on A.—Page 51, the notes No. 7 to 10, in the first stave, which are on G, should be on F ; and in the third stave, the 9th note, a crotchet, which is on A, should be on B.—And in the 63d page, the notes No. 7, 8 and 9, in the 3d stave, should be placed two letters lower.

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